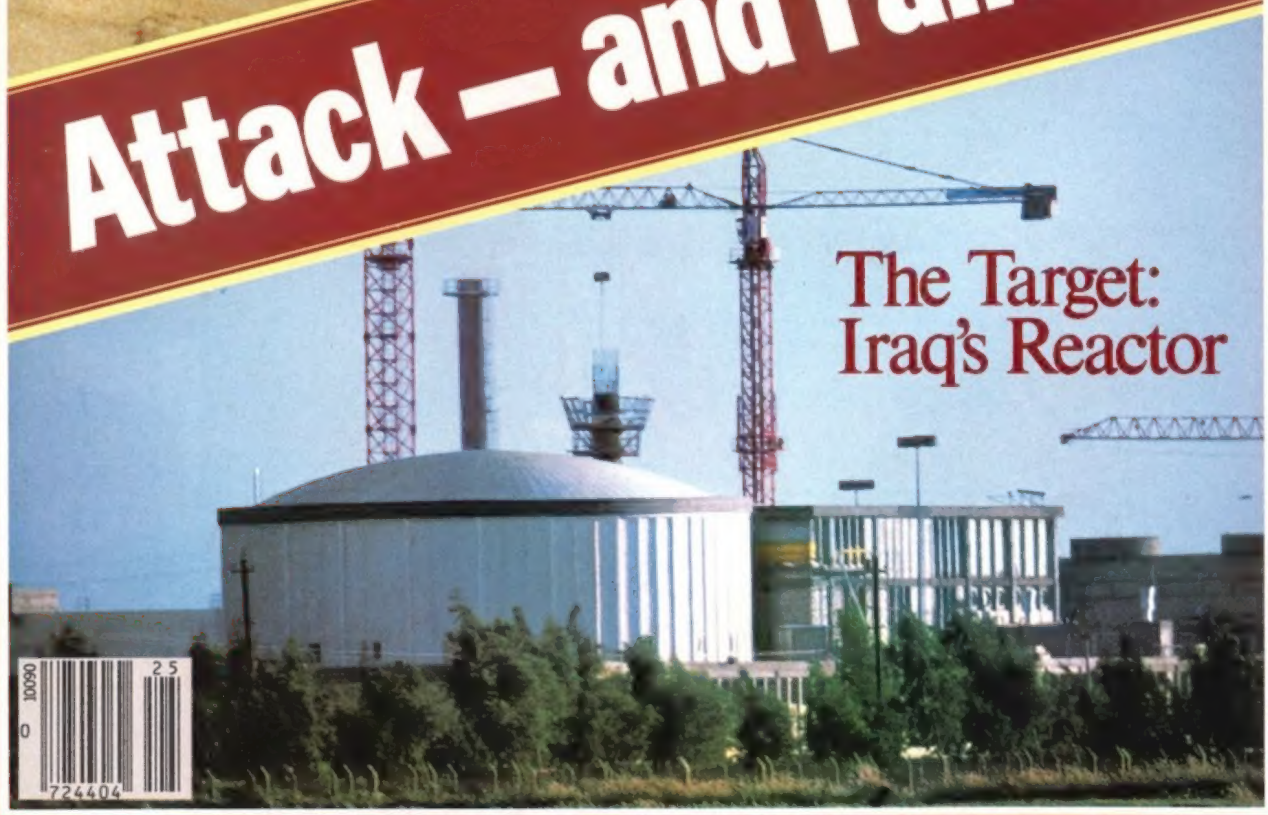
JUNE 22, 1981 $1.50

TIME

REAGAN AS DIPLOMAT
A Mexican Visit
A Mideast Test

Attack — and Fallout

The Target: Iraq's Reactor



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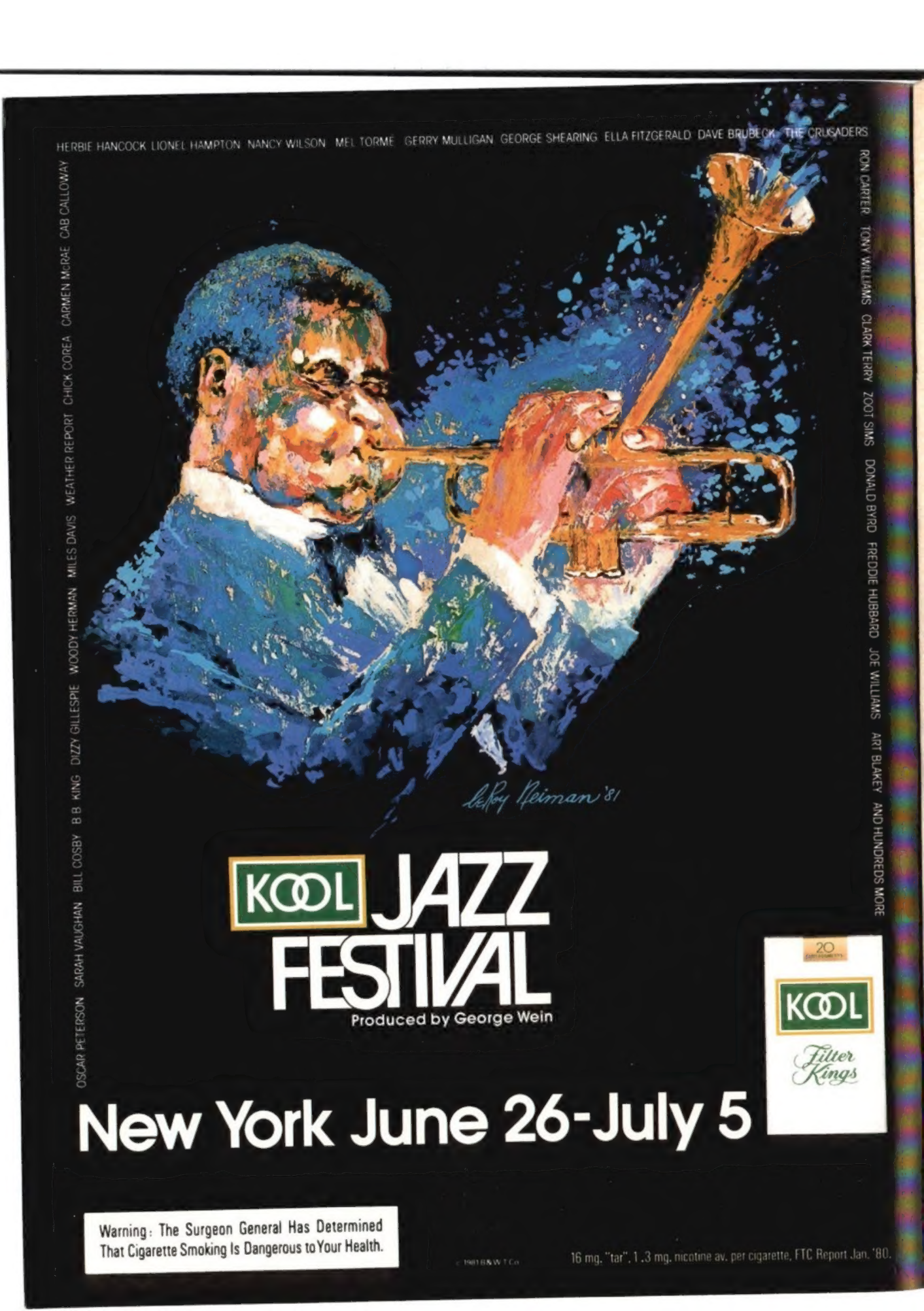
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JUNE 22, 1981 Vol. 117 No. 25

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

A Letter from the Publisher

In its first cover story on Israel, dated Aug. 16, 1948, TIME hailed the newborn nation and its Prime Minister, David Ben-Gurion, with some prophetic words: "Although, in years to come, fighting might break out again and again . . . it was time to stop pondering the settled question of whether there would be a Jewish state, time to start asking what kind of nation Israel was." In the 33 years since that historic moment, TIME has never stopped looking for the answer. Israel's significance as a key U.S. ally and as the spiritual home for millions of American Jews has given it a special importance in the eyes of U.S. journalists—and a special prominence in the pages of TIME. As a result, Israel and its role in the Middle East have been the subjects of 35 TIME cover stories, more than any other country or geographical area except the Soviet Union.

Three Israel covers: Ben-Gurion (1948), Meir (1969) and war (1973)

Certainly the most enduring and tragic feature of Israel's troubled history has been its near constant state of war. In 1967, when Israel fought Arab armies, TIME covered its stunning victory. Six years later, in the October War, TIME reported on the surprise attack by Egypt and Syria and Israel's resounding comeback. TIME has also devoted a number of cover stories to the search for peace in the Middle East, including Prime Minister Golda Meir's last-minute steps to avert full-scale war in 1969 and the momentous summit between Israel's Menachem Begin and Egypt's Anwar Sadat in 1977. Only five weeks ago, a TIME cover story examined Israel today and its economic and political future. This week Begin's "defensive" strike against Iraq is the subject of yet another cover story.

For this week's story, Beirut Bureau Chief William Stewart flew to Baghdad, while TIME correspondents in Paris, London, Washington and other capitals helped assess world reaction. To learn why and how Israel struck, the Jerusalem bureau drew on an extensive network of scientific, military and diplomatic sources. Says Bureau Chief David Aikman: "There is something almost cosmic about Israel's conflict with its neighbors. Where else in the world would the chief of the Air Force quote the Bible in answer to a reporter's question?"

John a. Meyer

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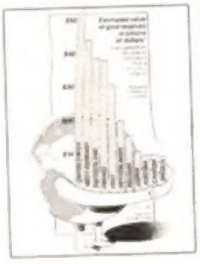

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Letters

Viet Vets

To the Editors:

Your Essay regarding Viet Nam [June 1] and its veterans was probably the most powerful and thoughtful piece I have read on the subject. If we fail to learn from the lesson of Viet Nam, we will have salvaged nothing from our debacle. We will have gained no wisdom from our pain and allowed our fear and ignorance to pave the way for future tragedies.

Igor Bobrowsky, Editor
Newsletter of Viet Nam Veterans of America
New York

In 1971 I served in Viet Nam. Ten years later, I am finally coming to grips with my participation in that war. One of my fantasies is to walk down the street, have a total stranger ask if I'm a Viet vet, and have him say, "Welcome home."

David Sajdak
Chicago

Wounded medic cares for comrade

When I returned home, a young woman, upon learning I was a Viet Nam veteran, spit at me in disgust. Two weeks before, deep in the jungles of Viet Nam, I had lived like an animal trained to kill at the first provocation. Yet all I could do was stare at this woman in shock.

Edward F. Avila
Auburn, Calif.

If the image and morale of Viet vets is ever to improve, we should hear less from veterans mired in needless self-hatred. Despite its failure, the Viet Nam War was probably the most idealistic campaign ever conducted. As an infantry vet, I believe the examples of civilians mistreated by soldiers were outnumbered 100 to 1 by examples of helpfulness and self-sacrifice.

John B. Donovan
Larchmont, N.Y.

Thanks to the hostage crisis, something dark and evil was brought back to me—something I thought I'd forgotten and left behind me: hate. Try hating your country and see how you handle it.

Gary J. Stafford
Wausau, Wis.

I opposed the war in Viet Nam. I demonstrated, was tear-gassed, organized in the precincts, wrote letters and wore buttons. In the past decade I have felt only an increasing sense of comradeship with Viet Nam veterans.

Mary Peterson
York, Me.

I am one of the doves who did not go and now am faced with guilt. Like the hostages, the Viet Nam vet took our place. Unlike the hostages, the veteran still hasn't been released.

Bruce McAllister
Redlands, Calif.

When Folk Singer Harry Chapin sings, "Does anybody care? Is anybody there?" I say, we are here and listening. The House will accept our subcommittee's recommendation to extend readjustment counseling as well as medical and job-training benefits for Viet Nam vets. In war there are no unwounded soldiers.

Bob Edgar, Chairman
House Veterans Affairs Subcommittee on Education
Washington, D.C.

I can speak for most Nam vets: we don't want to be thanked for doing as our nation asked. We want to stop being hassled for having been there.

Harvey Gobin
Alachua, Fla.

As a veteran of the Viet Nam conflict, I was not traumatized by my experiences in the war. I was traumatized by the utter indifference of Americans to those who returned.

John A. O'Gavaghan
Jamesville, N.Y.

I spent three tours in Viet Nam as an adviser to the South Vietnamese. Our troops didn't "lose" the war. Washington never allowed us to win it!

Michael K. Sutton
Hartford, Conn.

Broken Heart

The majority of heart disease deaths occur before a patient reaches a hospital [June 1]. Significant improvement in the heart attack victim's survival rate has been reported when electrical treatment in conjunction with cardiopulmonary resuscitation was administered within eight minutes of cardiac arrest. Wide availability of a device enabling medically authorized lay people to give appropriate electrical treatment may have enormous life-saving potential.

Alfred Lars Aronson, M.D.
Secaucus, N.J.

My father has had degenerative heart disease, and he was advised to eat salt-free foods. But there is practically no way to avoid salt in American processed foods so long as the food industry uses salt as a primary additive.

Patricia A. Zaruba
Turnersville, N.J.

It was unfortunate that your article put its total focus on medication and surgery. One of the newest forms of treating heart disease is cardiac rehabilitation, which focuses not only on heart patients' physical well-being but also on their vocational and emotional status.

Gail Handysides, R.N.
Stoneham, Mass.

I am dismayed that you displayed no cynicism for some of this costly high technology, particularly the artificial heart. This technique cannot possibly have any impact on the disease. It benefits a small minority and serves only to stroke the egos of the doctors who pursue this blind alley.

Julian M. Whitaker, M.D.
Huntington Beach, Calif.

Formula Feeding

The U.S.'s one dissenting vote against the WHO's infant-formula resolution [June 1] announces to citizens of underdeveloped countries what they must have known all along: "We care more about your money than about your lives."

Thomas P. Wharton Jr.
Needham, Mass.

How ironic that Mr. Reagan would protect the embryos in women's bodies but not the babes in their arms!

Carol Corbett Burris
Houston

Even in the most affluent segments of our society, breast feeding can be expected to reduce significantly serious infantile diarrhea, respiratory disease and allergy. Unfortunately, a large portion of the public still believes that proprietary formula combined with proper refrigeration, sterilization and other hygienic measures can safely replace human milk.

William P. Fleming, M.D.
U.S. Public Health Service
Gallup, N. Mex.

I have seen the tragic consequences of improper formula mixing. I am outraged that the Administration has allowed the interests of the manufacturers to prevail and has refused to support the proposed restrictions on the advertising and marketing of formula.

Paul V. Catalana, M.D.
Greenville, S.C.

Address Letters to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

In Maryland: Adolescents, Aristotle and Adler

Twenty-one teen-agers in T shirts and jeans are sitting around a big, doughnut-shaped table. They are all sneaking glances at the short, plump, balding man seated in their midst. "He's awfully old," whispers Stacie Stockman, with a toss of her head. "I was hoping for someone younger. I would like to think we could change *his* mind." Schoolmate James Perkins nods knowingly: "Yeah, his ideas are probably set in concrete."

Until now, the object of discussion has appeared immobile, his eyes half closed. Suddenly he springs into action, sharply rapping a pencil on the edge of a glass ashtray. The unexpected tinkling sound marks the beginning of what Stacie, a senior at North Caroline High, will later call the most exciting classroom experience of her life. For the next three days, Philosopher Mortimer Adler—compiler of the 54-volume set of the Great Books of the Western World, outliner of the 102 Great Ideas of All Time—is loose again, doing what he does best, teaching. In an experimental session at Wye Plantation in Queenstown, Md., he is trying to stir up high school students on the subject of Aristotle and other philosophers. "I want to do it," explains Adler, 18 months shy of his 80th birthday, "because I want to show it can be done." Adler has long believed that ancient philosophers and Great Ideas can be, and should be, taught in the average public school, though in the U.S. students usually don't get such instruction until college—if ever.

The students have been chosen by local school principals. As preparation, they have had to read Adler's latest book, *Six Great Ideas*. Most found it rough going. "I had a dictionary in one hand," giggles Gunston School Junior Sandy Luna. "I learned a lot of new words like proclivity." The six ideas, handled in six two-hour sessions: Truth. Goodness. Beauty. Liberty. Equality. Justice. What they are engaged in is nothing less than a moral philosophy marathon, and at first the students seem cowed. Less than 15 minutes into the opening session, when Adler asks for questions about truth with a capital *T*, only a few raise their hands.

One is Garrick Grobler, an articulate Easton High School junior who wants to go into politics. "How is it possible," he asks, "for people to differentiate between what is objective reality and what is subjective reality?" Replies Adler gently: "You know, you are using words that make it impossible for me to answer your question." There is a pause. Adler swivels in his chair, swings both feet in the air and gazes thoughtfully at the ceiling. Then he asks a question back. "Have you ever told a lie?" "Yeah, sure," admits Garrick, looking a bit sheepish. "It would be better," continues Adler, "to give an example of a lie you told—and I assure you everyone in this room has told a lie." Garrick is on the spot, and the other students know it. They shriek with glee. Garrick hesitates, then blurts out, "Yesterday, we took this poll in school. I said no to a question when I should have said yes!"

"And why was that a lie?" Adler pursues, index finger resting on chin. Then he continues: "Because a lie consists in saying the opposite of what is true. Now let me ask you another question. Have you ever made an erroneous statement?" Jokes Garrick: "I just did when I said 'subjective reality.' " Adler takes the idea a step further. "Let me give you an example of an erroneous statement: There are three mountains on the Eastern Shore of Maryland more than 5,000 feet high." The students laugh at such an absurd notion. Poking the same index finger on the table, Adler draws the distinction precisely. "A lie," he says, "is the difference between what you say and what you think; an erroneous statement is the difference between what you think and what there is."

ROBERT BURGESS

Master pedagogue makes an emphatic point as high school student listens

Watching Adler teach is a bit like watching Itzhak Perlman fiddle or Walter Payton run. No passive observer of the learning process, Adler is a full participant. He punches the air with his fists, bounces up and down in his chair, clasps his hands prayerfully to help students approach comprehension. When a difficult point is finally understood, he laughs with delight. During the discussion of goodness, when a student brings up Aristotle's concept of "right desire," Adler roars with pleasure. "What is really good for you is what you really need!" he shouts, waving his arms. Then he adds: "If I get so excited again I'm going to smash my watch."

During a break, Adler can be seen mopping his brow. He is short of breath. "The trick is to get them relaxed," he puffs. "They've got to be taken out of the teacher-student relationship. Every good teacher has to be something of a ham." Under Adler's spell, the great ideas take on palpable form. To make them concrete, he talks about triangles and squares, black swans and schnauzers, vanilla ice cream and boxes of ball bearings.

At the end of the first day, Adler is somewhat unsatisfied. Only half a dozen students have regularly been involved in the discussion. Overnight he devises a trick to pull the others in. His solution is a familiar piece of pedagogical gear: a blackboard diagram. The way Adler uses it, however, would make less self-confident teachers quail. For his goal, it turns out, is not to illustrate a point but to start an argument. To do so, Adler returns to Garrick's first question, but adds a new twist. The blackboard diagram contains conflicting statements about the nature of beauty. Position A holds that beauty is purely subjective. Position B holds that there is an objective aspect to beauty as well. Adler explains the definitions, then asks for a show of hands. When two hands are raised to support the view that beauty exists only in the eye of the beholder, Adler's eyes sparkle with anticipation.

"We owe it to ourselves to start with the extreme subjectivists," he chortles. "And they are Thomas and Sandy. All right, Thomas, defend yourself." Thomas is Thomas Keating, a tall sophomore who sat through the sessions on truth and goodness without saying much. Now, under Adler's coaxing, he offers an admirable defense. He begins by quoting Thomas Aquinas. "The beautiful," he says haltingly, "is that which gives pleasure upon being seen." Exclaims Adler: "That's right! But ice cream gives me pleasure, a very soft pillow when I'm tired gives me pleasure, a cold shower on a hot day gives me pleasure. Is it the same kind of pleasure?" Soon Adler gets Thomas to agree that beauty pleases the mind as well as the senses. But how does the mind judge beauty? "It's all subjective."

Now Adler gives the other side a chance. "How many of you ever got an A-plus on a composition?" Hands thrash the air. "Do you think your teachers were right?" After considerable debate, the consensus turns out affirmative. Sandy decides to desert the ranks of Position A. "Now, Thomas," says Adler, "you stand

alone. But you can still defend yourself. You can say they're talking rot." The discussion goes back to grades. Thomas admits to having received a C. Then Garrick plunges into the fray. He wants to know if Thomas thinks his teacher was "totally subjective" in giving him that C. Thomas mulls it over, then decides. "She couldn't have been totally subjective." Adler is visibly elated. "So you're giving up your position?" he cries. Thomas nods. "I guess I have to."

By the end of the session, Thomas is not the only one to have switched sides. Adler is rewarded by delighted grins when he confesses that he has changed his mind as well. The question this time: Whether or not one is justified in urging other people to admire what one thinks is truly beautiful. "My book suggests that you ought to enjoy more what is intrinsically excellent." But now, he muses aloud, "I think what I wrote was wrong. I recognize that the last six quartets of Beethoven are supremely beautiful, but I enjoy Schubert more. Yet I can't say that I, or anyone else, ought to enjoy Beethoven more." Over lunch the students continue the debate with passionate interest. "I take back what I said about his being old," says Stacie. "He's flexible, he's willing to listen. You can be dead wrong, and he'll still listen. You learn by defending yourself—and finding out you're defending the wrong thing."

"The ice has been broken," Adler observes. So it has. The session on equality turns into a free-for-all. Afterward Sandy wails, "I have to regrow all my nails. I got so excited I bit them all off." By now Adler is glowing. "You see," he says, "this is unchallengeable evidence that children this age are just ripe for dealing with important questions. They obviously enjoy thinking." The session at Wye, Adler proudly informs a visitor, is the second set of seminars he has given for teenagers this year. In January he taught Aristotle and Machiavelli to a group of California youngsters. He plans two similar sessions for Chicago schoolchildren later this year. "Why shouldn't this be done in every high school in the country?" he demands. "Why shouldn't this be part of everyone's basic schooling?"

Why not? The visitor has glum thoughts of pot and punctuation, of TV and marginal literacy. Finally, Adler answers himself. "Because most teachers are monitors. They assign lessons. They give exams. But the ideal is to teach not by telling but by asking." The visitor is reminded of Socrates, who badgered youths into debate on the streets of ancient Athens. Does Adler really believe public school teachers can master Socratic dialogue? "Well, you can't do it with students sitting in rows," Adler says, sputtering with excitement. "And you can't do it in just 50 minutes. But I say any teacher can do it. All any teacher has to do is think." The word think shoots out like an explosion in the quiet of the room. —*By J. Madeleine Nash*

A LOT OF THE ABUSES CHILDREN ENDURE ARE EVEN WORSE THAN BROKEN BONES.

Horrible as it may seem, battered children are only a part of the child abuse problem. About one million children in America are abused every year. Some are emotionally abused—belittled, teased or in some way made to feel inferior. Others are sexually abused and still others suffer from neglect. Those who somehow manage to survive are scarred for life. The situation is desperate but not hopeless. Over 80% of the abusers can be helped. We know what to do but we can't do it alone.

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TIME JUNE 22, 1981

Reagan as Diplomat

He is twice tested—by an ally's abrupt action and a vital neighbor's visit

It was 2:35 on a sunny Sunday afternoon at Camp David, fully three hours after U.S.-supplied Israeli warplanes had leveled Iraq's nuclear reactor, when the President, preparing to helicopter back to the White House after a relaxing weekend, got a telephone call. It was from Richard Allen, his National Security Adviser, giving a surprised and puzzled Reagan his first inkling of what the Israelis had done. "By golly," the President said, "what do you suppose is behind that?"

What was behind it was soon readily apparent. What lay ahead did not fit into the President's carefully crafted week's agenda at all. Reagan had been preparing for his most important foray into the diplomatic arena since taking office: a two-day meeting with Mexico's President José López Portillo in a vital effort to improve relations between the two neighbors. Secretary of State Alexander Haig was due to depart for China on his most significant venture abroad so far. And the Middle East shuttle diplomacy of U.S. Special Envoy Philip Habib finally seemed on the verge of achieving a deal that would defuse tensions over Syrian antiaircraft missiles in Lebanon. The surprise Israeli raid altered those priorities —and the attention the White House had hoped to focus on them—and presented the President and his chief advisers with their most delicate foreign policy test since Reagan took office.

The test took the form of simultaneously addressing and satisfying three separate audiences: the Arabs, the Israelis and the American public. To the moderate Arab states it was necessary to show concern over Israel's act and publicly to reprimand Jerusalem, lest the Soviet Union profit from Arab outrage over the bombing. To the Israelis it was necessary to administer a tap on the wrist—and that was all it was—without altering the strategic and historic special relationship with the U.S., on which Israel's survival depends. To the American public it was necessary to show the fledgling Administration to be both temperate and decisive in dealing with a major foreign policy flap, responding cohesively to fundamental American interests in the region and the world. The result was some fancy footwork by Reagan and his men that earned them, though things might still turn sour, better than a passing grade.

After he learned of the raid, Haig summoned his senior aides and Middle East specialists to the State Department's seventh-floor operations center. They were still in their Sunday sports clothes. They agreed that the U.S. should not break the news of the attack: to do so would feed the inevitable charges that America had supported the Israeli plans, or at least had known about and failed to stop them. Haig ordered cables sent to U.S. embassies around the world, alerting them that the bombing had occurred. A few leaders on Capitol Hill were also advised.

All the consulting officials agreed that Israel's attack should be sharply criticized, but they debated the timing of any such condemnation. Some contended that the U.S. should wait for Arab reaction, rather than run the unlikely risk of appearing harsher than Israel's Middle East neighbors. Others were worried lest any U.S. condemnation might coincide awkwardly with an Arab reprisal mission against Israel. On Sunday night the group drafted a mild statement to be issued as soon as the news broke. It stressed that the U.S. had no prior knowledge of the attack, which was blandly described as "a very serious development and a source of utmost concern."

The statement was released Monday morning, after Prime Minister Menachem Begin's government proudly announced the bombing as a pre-emptive, defensive attack on a nuclear plant that, it insisted, would have had the capacity soon to produce weapons to be used against Israel. Haig and Reagan, who had both returned to Camp David for the talks with López Portillo, discussed toughening the U.S. position as Arab protests mounted. Reagan agreed that this should be done. Crafted at the State Department, a new statement was shown to the President by Haig. Reagan approved it without changing a word. Read at a press briefing by Dean Fischer, the State Department spokesman, it said that the U.S. "condemns" the air strike and that the attack "was in possible violation" of a 1952 U.S.-Israeli agreement under which American arms could be used only for defensive purposes. At the Pentagon, Assistant Secretary of Defense Henry E. Catto Jr. emphasized that "this was not an operation that involved U.S. forces. It came as a thunderous surprise to the U.S. Government."

Beyond a verbal reprimand, what should the U.S. do about Israel's unilateral action? This touchy topic was first tackled in depth late on Tuesday afternoon, after López Portillo's farewell meeting with Reagan at the White House. A group of Reagan's top advisers assembled in the Oval Office for an hour and 15 minutes. Present were Haig, Allen, Vice President George Bush, Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger, CIA Director William Casey and the President's troika of Aides Edwin Meese, James Baker and Mike Deaver. They reached a consensus with little argument: Israel should be penalized, but

America's basic commitment to Israel's security must not be placed in doubt

Haig and his advisers began considering the options, which ranged in theory to a total suspension of all U.S. military aid to Israel, an action that would produce a fire storm of criticism from Israel's backers in the U.S. Senate Majority Leader Howard Baker hurried to the White House to express the sentiment of the upper chamber. His advice, as a Baker intimate put it, was "Take some kind of action, but don't go too far. Buy time and let the heat of the moment pass." In the end, the group decided that four F-16s scheduled for delivery to Israel on Friday should be "put on hold." (Since Israel already has 22 F-16s, the withholding of the four fighters had no real military significance.)

The President next day approved the recommendation. Beyond placing a temporary hold on the F-16s, the Administration sent a letter, signed by Haig, to Senator Charles Percy, chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee. As required by the Arms Export Control Act of 1968, Haig formally advised Percy that U.S. planes had been used in the Israeli action. He also suggested that Israel might have committed "a substantial violation" of the 1952 arms sales agreement with the U.S. Haig promised to review this matter and discuss it with the Israeli government

The Administration retained the option of ordering more severe penalties if it determines that Israel did violate the arms agreement. In fact, there is no prospect that either the Administration or Congress, which also has the power to cut off weapons deliveries, would go that far. Indeed, many members of Congress expressed envy and admiration for Israel's military boldness and execution. "We could have used them at Desert One," said a Republican Senator in an unkind reference to the abortive attempt to rescue the American hostages from Tehran. Quipped another Senator: "At least we know our planes work." Maryland Senator Charles Mathias may have expressed a dominant congressional view when he said, "I have no illusions that the Saudis or Sadat or anyone else is weeping crocodile tears over Iraq, but the implications are serious."

To emphasize his personal concern about stability in the Middle East, Reagan invited to the White House the ambassadors from five moderate Arab states: Bahrain, Saudi Arabia, Morocco, Sudan and Jordan. Sudanese Ambassador Omer Salih Eissa told the President that there was a widespread perception in the Arab world that the U.S. was associated with the raid; Arabs were looking to him to put a checkrein on Israel, primarily by limiting arms sales. Reagan responded by saying that "no one was more surprised than I" by the air strike. "This tragedy," as he called it, had resulted from the ongoing hostilities within the Middle East. Reagan reiterated his hope that the Israeli-Syrian confrontation in Lebanon could be resolved and would lead to a broader settlement

The President met separately with Israeli Ambassador Ephraim Evron, who delivered a "strong appeal" from Begin to rescind the order holding up delivery of the F-16s. Reagan answered that the Israelis should have considered a diplomatic route for resolving their worries about the Iraqi reactor; but, as one aide reported, "the President reaffirmed our strong and deeply rooted relationship with Israel," and obliquely assured Evron that the U.S. arms flow to Israel will continue

Overshadowed by events in the Middle East, the Washington visit by President López Portillo showed Reagan at his charming and diplomatic best. From a formal welcome at the White House through long working sessions at Camp David—with time out for horseback riding and a candlelit poolside barbecue—Reagan played a Yankee host who neither patronized nor belittled the proud President of a smaller country. "*Mi casa es su casa*," said Reagan, as he greeted his guest. At times Reagan was eloquent, declaring, "In a world filled with neighbors who resort to violence, neighbors who've lost sight of shared values and mutual interests, the good will between Mexico and the United States is a blossom whose beauty we meet here to cherish and protect." For his part, López Portillo confessed that "I am moved" by the warmth that developed between the two leaders. In three previous visits to Washington, he said, "I have always measured the weight of each one of my words because the relationship, for some reason or another, had always been a tense one. But for the first time now I feel totally relaxed."

After watching the two Presidents ride side by side down the trails of Camp David, one of Reagan's aides mused: "In personal relations these two have become like brothers. But when you get to the substantive problems between the two countries—well, they remain." López Portillo

Reagan and López Portillo ride tall in the saddle on trails at Camp David

A warm and real rapport, but sharp differences remain on substantive issues

remained opposed to U.S. military involvement in El Salvador. He objected to any new attempt by Washington to use economic aid to the Caribbean area as a way of building a militant pact against leftist movements. Mexico's trade deficit with the U.S. is on the rise, and López Portillo sought concessions that would make it easier for his country to sell its major exports, such as textiles, shoes, fruits and petrochemicals, north of the border. He offered little that would help the U.S. ease its problem in dealing with illegal Mexican workers, since Mexico generally prefers the current hazy border policies. Still, both Presidents aired their opposing views with a frictionless candor, as Reagan followed State Department advice to "speak as clearly as possible but don't waver."

The Reagans, with translator, center, say farewell to their guest

The agreements that were reached mainly bought time to study further and to "manage" policy differences before they develop into sharp political clashes. López Portillo conditionally accepted Reagan's vague proposal to create a Caribbean-basin development program under which the U.S. and Mexico would apparently pay most of the bills. The Mexican President insisted that no nation be barred from the group on ideological grounds, and that, as an aide explained, "it should not be construed as a plan to fight Communism." The two agreed that committees composed of Cabinet-level officials from both nations would be created to study specific policy problems, including trade. Reagan said he would attend a North-South conference on mutual problems to be held in Mexico in October—but only after being assured that Cuba's Fidel Castro would not be invited.

Returning to Mexico City, López Portillo said that he was "deeply satisfied" by the outcome of his U.S. visit. "The important thing," he said, "is the attitude we encountered, which was highly positive, friendly and considerate, and well established to better solve the problems."

Nonetheless, U.S. relations with Mexico—as with Israel—remain a delicate and difficult partnership that will require continuing attention. The Reagan Administration was fast awakening last week to the uncomfortable fact that the rest of the world cannot sit still while the U.S. puts its economic house in order. *—By Ed Magnuson. Reported by Laurence I. Barrett and Roberto Suro/Washington*

Repairing the Chinese Connection

Haig goes to Peking to fix a friendship

Ever since Ronald Reagan took office last January, relations between the U.S. and China have been as rocky as a Himalayan footpath. The Chinese are still smarting from his pro-Taiwan statements made during the presidential campaign, and suspect that he will tilt U.S. policy toward Taipei. Stopping in Hong Kong last week, on his way to three days of talks with Chinese leaders in Peking, Secretary of State Alexander Haig admitted that the purpose of his trip was "to clear the air with respect to President Reagan's policies in this region."

Among other matters, the Chinese are concerned that the Administration will honor a request by Taiwan to purchase the FX jet, an advanced American fighter plane still on the drawing boards. The White House initially favored the FX sale, but Haig has successfully delayed a decision by arguing that Taiwan's defense needs are adequately provided for and that the deal would unnecessarily antagonize the Chinese. Nevertheless, Peking is still greatly disturbed by the continuing flow of U.S. arms to the Nationalists, which amounted to nearly $800 million last year; for weeks before Haig's visit, Chinese newspapers steadily attacked the supply line.

As a Communist country, China is subject to a variety of U.S. laws that place restrictions on everything from arms to export credit. Haig planned to inform Peking that Washington is prepared to loosen the controls that now govern trade between the two nations, thus paving the way for the Chinese to buy such items as radar equipment, computers and transport aircraft. In addition, the Secretary of State wanted to discuss the possible sale of arms. Ever short of funds for modernization, the Chinese prefer technology transfers and licensing agreements that would allow them to build on their own such products as the General Electric J79 jet engine.

For the most part, Haig's talks with Vice Chairman Deng Xiaoping and other political leaders were expected to focus not on specifics but on broad strategic considerations. With the support of Administration officials, including National Security Adviser Richard Allen, the Secretary hoped to build a consensus between Washington and Peking on the two countries' shared wariness of the Soviet Union. Haig wanted to discuss the possibility of U.S. support for a united front in Cambodia against the Vietnamese-backed regime in Phnom-Penh. He also wished to explore the feasibility of cooperating with the Chinese in supplying arms to the rebel forces in Soviet-occupied Afghanistan. The challenge Haig faced was a delicate one: moving toward greater rapprochement with Peking while steering clear of a formal alliance that would rattle the cage of the Soviet bear.

Haig, arm in arm with Allen, center, returning from Camp David

The Taiwan government, which still has influential friends in the Reagan White House and on Capitol Hill, saw Haig's visit in another light. Taipei contends that China is using its ties with the U.S. only to conquer short-term difficulties and that the two countries are bound to turn hostile again. And if Washington sells Peking any arms, the Taiwanese warn, beware the long-range consequences. C.J. Chen, director of the North American affairs section of the foreign ministry in Taipei, put it succinctly by quoting a Chinese proverb: " 'If you feed a tiger, sooner or later it will eat you as well.' " ■

The Marine Has Landed

As the tax-cut battle heats up, Donald Regan warms to his task

"I've never backed away from a fight," says Donald Regan, 62, World War II Marine and former chairman of Merrill Lynch & Co., largest brokerage firm in the country. In the past several months, the Treasury Secretary has remained true to his word. As point man in the Administration's drive for a three-year, 25% cut in personal income taxes, Regan has emerged from the obscurity of his first days in office—and from the shadow of highly visible Budget Director David Stockman—as a tough and unyielding negotiator. The package he presented last week to the Senate and House tax-writing committees was stamped bipartisan, thanks to the endorsement of Kent Hance, conservative Democrat on the House Ways and Means Committee. But its contents were almost 100% Reagan. By staunchly defending a program devised largely before his appointment, the Secretary earned praise and respect from his White House colleagues. Said one: "He's a class act. He doesn't have any false pride or ego problems." Another top Administration official made the inevitable comparison with the Budget Director: "Don is a solid team player. There's no danger that he'll wander off freelance, like Stockman has a tendency to do. That gives him added clout in the White House."

Regan, a self-described Washington "novice," admits that he was off to a slow start in organizing his staff. Being overshadowed by the boy wonder (Stockman is 34) at OMB did not help matters and led to what Regan called "demeaning" press speculation about a rivalry between the two. In fact, the pair clashed openly only once—in May, when Stockman made a statement that seemed to contradict Regan's no-compromise stance on the President's tax cuts. Notorious at Merrill Lynch for his explosive Irish temper, Regan retaliated. With White House approval, he called in several reporters and told them: "This is where you'll hear about Administration tax thinking. If you hear something different from someone else, then it's wrong."

Since then, no one has doubted that Regan speaks with authority. Last week he was introduced at a U.S. Chamber of Commerce lunch as "the most effective spokesman for this Administration." Naturally, there were good reasons for the Secretary's warm reception before that bastion of capitalist influence. In response to the complaints of corporate leaders, the White House had only a few days earlier restored several cuts in business taxes that had been shaved from the package the week before. Particularly satisfying to the business leaders was a revised depreciation schedule that generously increases write-offs for new business machinery and real estate over the next five years.

In addressing his appreciative audience, Regan demonstrated a growing skill at partisan oratory. A victory for the President's tax plan will make 1982 "the year we'll see what American business can do. You'll be in the race of your lives," he promised, more bullish on America than ever. As for the Democrats, he said, "they seem to waffle and waver. Sometimes I think they're trying to delay in order not to have a tax cut at all in 1981."

Regan sweet-talks Chamber of Commerce

"You'll be in the race of your lives."

Last week's events in the House seemed to support Regan's charge. Badly split, the Democrats on the Ways and Means Committee failed to produce a bill of their own and appeared to be playing for more time. Over the objections of Republican Barber Conable, co-sponsor (with Hance) of the President's bill, Chairman Daniel Rostenkowski called for a leisurely three-day-a-week schedule for considering the tax bill. Prospects of its being on the President's desk by Aug. 1, as promised by leaders of both houses, faded from sight.

So far, the committee Democrats seem to agree on only two points: first, the President's tax cuts are so large that they will produce inflationary budget deficits; second, the Administration's plan punishes the poor and represents, in the words of House Speaker Thomas P. O'Neill, "a windfall for the rich." Indeed, in a meeting with committee members, Assistant Secretary of Treasury John Chapoton admitted that, under the President's plan, low-income earners could actually pay more in combined Social Security and income taxes next year. By contrast, Democrats claim, those who earn $200,000 could receive a $20,300 tax reduction. Seeking a less regressive measure, Ways and Means Democrats reversed their apparent support of across-the-board tax cuts as proposed by the President, and announced that they would draft a bill providing for more relief to those in the $20,000 to $50,000 income range. This approach, said Rostenkowski, would be "more salable" to traditional Democrats.

That may be so, but targeted cuts may prove less salable to the Boll Weevils, the party's conservative Southerners whose pivotal votes are being courted on both sides of the aisle. Many of the sweeteners added to the President's package in recent weeks were specifically designed to attract the Boll Weevils. To keep them in the Democratic fold, observed one business lobbyist, Rostenkowski and company may have to "adopt something reasonably close to the President's program. The alternative is to write a typical Democratic Christmas tree tax bill, see it voted down and hope like hell the President's plan screws up the economy."

As the Democrats attempt to come up with a plan of their own, Regan continues to work 14-hour days trying to consolidate support for the President's program. Among his activities: staging daily strategy sessions at the Treasury, planning committee testimony addressing business groups and other would-be lobbyists—last week that included Republican congressional wives—and making phone calls to Democratic and G.O.P. fence sitters. Still, Regan has yet to persuade three of the necessary 23 House Democrats to defect, as 63 did on last month's budget vote. And, admits White House Chief of Staff James Baker, the President could lose as many as 15 G.O.P. votes on the House floor. Nor is the Republican-dominated Senate a sure thing. Budget Committee Chairman Pete Domenici last week was still trying to influence the President to scale back his proposal. Donald Regan takes comfort, however, in the competition, or lack thereof. Asked whether he would win if the tax vote were held today, the Secretary jauntily replied: "Sure I do. We've got the only bill up there." —*By Claudia Wallis. Reported by David Beckwith/Washington*

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Block Those Grants!

Congress roughs up Reagan's plan to return power to the states

In his quest for a "new federalism," President Reagan hopes to reverse a generation of growing federal involvement in America's domestic agenda and return control of social programs to the states. Last week, however, that philosophy suffered a head-on collision with political reality. Congressmen of both parties, jealously guarding their control of the public purse, rejected the keystone of Reagan's design: the consolidation of categorical grants for some 500 specific programs into six unrestricted block grants.* Those would go directly to the states to divide as they please among various programs, though total spending would be cut by 25%. Yet when it came to deciding whether Capitol Hill or the states should administer social programs, Congress voted in favor of Congress.

Reagan has already won one budget battle on Capitol Hill, reducing domestic allocations from $542.7 billion in President Carter's last proposal to $495.3 billion. Last week House and Senate committees struggled to complete the "reconciliation" process, during which appropriations are trimmed to fit the austere budget goals approved last month. The House Education and Labor Committee, for example, reluctantly chopped some $12 billion from such programs as Head Start, child nutrition and assistance for the handicapped. Funds for college student loans were slashed by limiting eligibility to families making less than $25,000 a year. The committee, however, bucked the Administration by refusing to fold the remaining funds into block grants to the states. Instead, Congress intends to continue to control the funds through categorical grants. By following this approach, the committee opened the way for the full House to restore money to a number of popular programs.

On the other side of the Hill, the Senate Labor and Human Resources Committee also cut about $11 billion from social spending. But even this Republican-dominated committee could not swallow the idea of block grants. Though Chairman Orrin Hatch of Utah strongly favored Reagan's approach, Republican Moderates Robert Stafford of Vermont and Lowell Weicker of Connecticut wanted to protect important categorical grants for health and education. The President talked with Hatch and Stafford by telephone from Camp David on Sunday to see if an accommodation could be reached. The following night, Hatch, Weicker, Stafford, Budget Director David Stockman, Health Secretary Richard Schweiker and Education Secretary Terrell Bell assembled in Senate Majority Leader Howard Baker's office for a marathon bargaining session.

To the surprise of the moderate Republicans and the pleasure of ranking committee Democrat Edward Kennedy, the Administration agreed at the meeting to make significant concessions. The largest federal education program, funds for school districts that serve disadvantaged children, was kept as a categorical grant. So were programs for education of handicapped, adult and bilingual students. Of the $13 billion available for education, only $585 million was put into a block grant. The committee also refused to go along with Reagan's plan to eliminate legal aid for the poor, though funding was cut from $321 million to $100 million. Many minor health programs were rolled into block grants, but even there the committee added stringent requirements on how the funds must be used. Said disgruntled Republican Senator Dan Quayle of Indiana: "These appear to be categorical grants disguised as block grants."

Where politicians stand on the issue usually depends on where they sit. Congressmen generally dislike the block grant approach because, as Rutgers University Urban Policy Research Director George Sternlieb says, "they like to appear as Santa Claus, handing out goodies to their constituencies." For the very same reason, state officials are enthusiastic about no-strings money. Says Georgia Governor George Busbee: "The categorical grant system wastes too much money on unproductive bureaucrats." He calculates that localities now employ more than 900 lobbyists to fight in Washington for education funds alone. Says Alabama Governor Fob James: "If the President gives us the opportunity, we can show that we can run our own affairs."

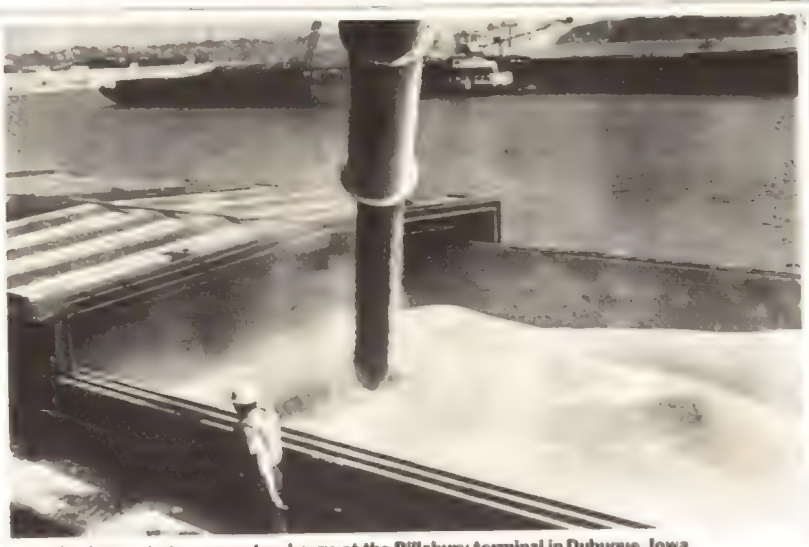
That is precisely what worries many critics of block grants. Officials of the U.S. Conference of Mayors, who met last weekend in Louisville, complain that states have historically been insensitive to the needs of urban areas and the disadvantaged. Says Milwaukee Mayor Henry Maier: "Our city has only 16% of the state's population, but we have 30% of the poverty. The state will not reckon with this when it distributes the funds." Civil rights, education and social service leaders are also wary of entrusting the purse strings to statehouses, and more than 60 citizens' and religious groups have formed a coalition to oppose the President's plan. Says Marian Wright Edelman of the Children's Defense Fund: "We are really getting a return to the old states' rights philosophy that will make a mockery of our promise of equal opportunity."

Hatch and Kennedy discussing a social-spending compromise at last week's Senate hearing

A confrontation seems to be brewing over who is entrusted with the purse strings.

Even the most modest steps toward returning power to the states will doubtless provoke a severe clash between Reagan and Congress, a confrontation that already seems to be brewing. House committees last week not only ignored the Administration's block-grant philosophy, but, according to Office of Management and Budget officials, also made "phony, even fraudulent" spending cuts that will inevitably be reversed—such as the elimination of 10,000 post offices. The solution being considered at OMB: introducing in Congress a detailed, 4,000-page Administration alternative to the House Budget Committee's reconciliation package, complete with the serious spending cuts and program-absorbing block grants that Reagan wants. That would surely provoke a second budget battle more heated than the first. —*By Walter Isaacson. Reported by Jeanne Saddler/Washington*

*Reagan proposed two for education, two for health, one for energy and emergency aid, and one for a group of 13 miscellaneous social services



A golden harvest streams onto a barge at the Pillsbury terminal in Dubuque, Iowa

Back in Business Again

A grain deal with the Soviets may benefit both sides

When Ronald Reagan in April lifted the partial grain embargo against the Soviet Union that had been imposed by Jimmy Carter 16 months earlier, it was clear that the U.S. was willing to sell its harvest surplus. Not so certain was whether Moscow was willing to buy, and, if so, how much. After a day and a half of bargaining in London last week, American and Soviet trade officials announced that the U.S.S.R. will be allowed to purchase 3 million metric tons of wheat and 3 million metric tons of corn above the 8 million tons it is allowed to acquire under the existing five-year agreement, which expires on Sept. 30. Both sides will meet again to discuss a new long-term pact; in the meantime, the Soviet Union will be permitted to buy up to 6 million tons of grain from exporting firms after Sept. 30 without consulting Washington. Declared U.S. Spokesman Don Looper: "The agreement should benefit both sides."

Chief U.S. Negotiator Lodwick

The talks took place in a nondescript conference room within the walled compound of the Soviet Office of Trade. Seeley Lodwick, Under Secretary of Agriculture for International Affairs and chief U.S. negotiator, described the bargaining as "cordial and frank." The Soviets carefully refrained from castigating the U.S. as an unreliable trading partner for imposing the embargo, although as one U.S. official put it, "I am sure they are thinking it." The Soviets, however, gave no indication of just how much of the 6 million additional tons of grain they might buy before Sept. 30. Moscow has satisfied nearly all its grain import needs for this year by relying on Argentina, Canada and Australia. The Soviets are looking forward to a better than average domestic crop in 1981 after two poor harvests in a row. The U.S. Department of Agriculture, however, estimates that Moscow will fall short of its goal of 236 million tons, thus forcing the U.S.S.R. soon to resume purchasing significant amounts from the U.S. Another reason why the Soviets need to import more grain: they are attempting to increase meat supplies while also enlarging their livestock herds.

For U.S. farmers, the agreement brought only smiles around the silos. Growers are still trying to sell off surpluses from last year's record-breaking wheat harvest, and this year's winter-wheat crop promises to be the most bountiful ever. The new Soviet deal, predicts Maurice Van Nostrand, research director for AGRI Industries, an association of Iowa cooperatives, "will make a big difference. News of a major new purchaser is bound to have a psychological impact on the market, and it will bring in buyers from other nations more aggressively." The only cloud on the horizon is the nagging poor weather—either too much or too little rain—that continues to plague patches of the Midwest and may affect the price of grain over the next few months. Observes Conrad Leslie, a Chicago commodities analyst: "The Soviets are going to be watching the weather in Des Moines and Springfield as well as in Moscow over the next few months. It depends on the weather 100% now."

Even as the grain deal was being put together, the Administration was pondering sales to Moscow of a different but complementary farm product. The U.S. Government currently has stored more than 400 million lbs. of surplus butter, and the stockpile is growing by 10 million lbs. per week. The DOA wants to begin selling the yellow hoard abroad. Secretary of State Alexander Haig fears that the butter may end up in Soviet hands, and he wants specific restrictions on the sales so that none of the butter can be resold to the Soviet Union.

Haig argues that selling butter to the Soviets would send the wrong signals to Moscow at a time of heightened East-West tensions over Poland and the Middle East. Haig used this same argument when he unsuccessfully opposed the lifting of the grain embargo, but he may win with it this round. Reagan pledged to lift the embargo during the campaign, but there is no political pressure from dairy farmers to sell surplus butter to the Soviets. If the President does settle in Haig's favor, the bread without butter decisions will make political sense but will seem inconsistent in foreign policy terms. ■

La Dolce Visa

To see America, get in line

The British are coming! Also the French, Italians, West Germans, Dutch, Swedes, Danes, Japanese and other footloose foreigners who find the U.S. an increasingly attractive summer vacation spot. But as the annual invasion gathers strength, a perennial complaint is again being heard from Western visitors: an American can usually gain entry to their countries merely by flashing a passport, while they cannot come to the U.S. without also obtaining a visa.

That requirement is especially galling for the British, the largest and fastest growing group of tourists to the U.S. Some 1 million Britons are expected to apply for visas this year, up from 900,000 in 1980. Some 98% have been approved; most of those turned down are jobless young people who might be prospective immigrants, not tourists. Travel money and a return ticket are favored proofs of tourist status.

The surge of applicants has made the embassy in London the busiest U.S. visa office in the world. Lines of 100 or more British and other, primarily Third World, nationals spill down the steps and onto the sidewalk outside the embassy building on Grosvenor Square. Inside, 60 employees process as many as 6,000 applications a day. At any moment, some 60,000 to 80,000 British passports are in the embas-

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If you're going to spend extra money for your beer, you may as well get your money's worth.

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We ask more for Andeker. But only because we actually spend more money in making it.

When we first brewed it in Milwaukee in 1939, we used only 100% barley malt. It was an expensive way to brew then, and it's more expensive now. Especially since we use the more costly two-row malting barley found in the Pacific Northwest.

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Our hops are imported from Yugoslavia, and we age Andeker longer, for a full, mellow flavor.

For 42 years, it's been Milwaukee's best-selling special premium beer. And though it costs more, our Milwaukee customers say its taste is well worth it.

We think you'll agree.

America's
100% Barley Malt
Beer

Audi 5000S Diesel $13,990 suggested retail price. P.O.E. Add transportation, local taxes, dealer delivery charges. (Not available in California.) Photographed in Rothenburg, Bavaria.

For nearly every manufacturer of luxury automobiles such an assumption is, to be charitable, wishful thinking.

To Audi engineers in Ingolstadt, Germany, however, making this journey without filling up is expected behavior for the luxury 5000S Diesel.

And why not?

A long-distance runner *extraordinaire*, the Diesel has an estimated range of 534 miles and a highway range of 811 miles.* Based on a 19.8 gallon tank.

Its high-speed compression ignition engine represents the latest in the art of diesel technology. Quiet, smooth, a lightweight, efficient powerplant.

Yet, before one notices how socially responsible this Audi is, one notices how aesthetically appetizing this Audi is. Sleek, aerodynamic body. Sumptuous interiors. Quality, old-world craftsmanship.

Truth be known, you'll hardly know you're in a Diesel Audi.

Until you realize how many gas stations you're whizzing by.

For your nearest Porsche-Audi dealer, please telephone toll-free (800) 447-4700. In Illinois, (800) 322-4400.

*EPA estimated 37 mpg and 41 mpg highway. Use "estimated mpg" for comparison. Mileage and range vary with speed, trip length, weather. Actual highway mpg and highway range will probably be less.

PORSCHE+AUDI
NOTHING EVEN COMES CLOSE

Audi

sy's hands. Boxes and baskets overflow with applications. Harried staff give hurried glances before rubber-stamping approval. Applicants, once thronged inside, now wait mainly outside. Says Visa Unit Chief Diane Dillard: "We have a factory here. It's dehumanizing, demoralizing."

The embassy has tried any number of schemes to ease what one weary applicant called "organized chaos": newspaper ads advising British tourists to apply early and by mail for standard three-week service; white boxes where rush customers can drop their passports and applications and be mailed a visa the same day; black boxes for the truly desperate, who can drop off their passports and applications and pick up a visa three hours later. But these efforts have not cleared away the crush, just pushed it onto the street. U.S. Consul General Alan Gise attributes the upsurge to the "Laker legacy" of cheap, no-frills flights, to exchange rates that until recently were favorable, to relatively low U.S prices for food and hotels, and to the British worker's growing infatuation with Miami Beach. A further complication is London's growing population of Third World citizens, many of whom think they have a better chance of obtaining a U.S. visa in Britain than in their home countries.

For two years Congress has been weighing proposals to waive the visa requirement for Britain and a few other countries that reciprocate. However, Gise warns that if the U.S. did not require visas in advance, foreigners might face waits of up to four hours to get past the meticulous and often irritating U.S. Immigration officers at U.S. ports of entry. Most Britons reluctantly accept the visa requirement, though some cite it as yet another example of American insolence. Said Londoner Leslie Scott as he queued up outside the embassy: "It's an archaic idea and a lot of rubbish." ■

Embassy baskets overflow with applications

Black boxes for the truly desperate.

The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

Symbols of War and Peace

After the sea and the land, the air and outer space became America's frontiers. And so they remain. What happens in future international struggles in politics and economics will depend in an important way on U.S. ascendancy in air and space, the vigor of the industry that produces new machines and the vision of a President in regulating peaceful transport, nurturing exploration and employing new weapons.

During the past two weeks the 34th Paris Air Show, sponsored by French industry, has been a fascinating arena of benign contention: symbols of war and peace mixed together in display and in flight. In spirit, the competition suggested the jousts held on the same French fields by knights centuries ago.

Teddy Roosevelt on a "bully" flight

France's triangular Mirage 4000, a powerful combat plane, was the most dazzling of the fighters on display, the U.S.'s F-16 the most nimble—as the Israelis helped prove during their daring raid on Iraq's nuclear reactor—and Britain's vertical-takeoff Sea Harrier the most provocative. While America still is nearly 60% of the air business, competition from our allies is stunningly evident. From gliders to missiles, a dozen nations are seriously challenging U.S. technology and salesmanship. Yet the men from Lockheed, Boeing, Martin-Marietta and scores of other U.S. firms were upbeat. The Soviets were quiet, their stodgy aircraft, like the Il-86 transport, displaying a technological lag. And Ronald Reagan's new defense plans and action in lifting Jimmy Carter's "leprosy" policy (U.S. embassies were ordered not to help arms sellers) were a tonic that may nudge the $57 billion industry off a plateau, providing thousands of new jobs. America's air and space exports now amount to $18 billion a year, second only to agriculture at $41 billion.

President Reagan, still basking in *Columbia's* memorable success, sent his good wishes. The industrial adventurers of the aerospace industry are his kind of guys; some, like Northrop's chairman Tom Jones, are friends. Platoons of members of the U.S. Congress and their aides went to the show as if they sensed that the sizing-up in Paris will be an excellent indicator of how the U.S. under Reagan will fare in the world and at home these next few months.

Presidents have been intrigued and sustained by events in the air since the nation's birth. From Philadelphia in 1793, George Washington wrote out a note in English for Jean Pierre Blanchard so that the French balloonist, on his pioneering flight over the Delaware River, would not panic the New Jersey natives. Thomas Jefferson benefited from early airmail in 1803: a carrier pigeon flew from New York to Washington bearing the good news that Napoleon had agreed to the Louisiana Purchase. Teddy Roosevelt was the first occupant of the White House to fly, even though he was no longer President when he did so. After some difficulty getting through the wires supporting the wings, he boarded a Wright biplane in St. Louis in 1910, flew at 200 ft. for three minutes without a seat belt, waving his hat. "Bully!" he declared.

Franklin Roosevelt's understanding of airplanes changed the world. Although others scoffed, F.D.R. predicted that the U.S. could produce 50,000 planes a year for World War II. The industry was up to 100,000 by V-J day.

Harry Truman buzzed the White House in a DC-4 called the Sacred Cow, which by 1945 had become a symbol of presidential power. Dwight Eisenhower, the only President to hold a pilot's license, moved us into the missile age and got a jet, a Boeing 707. John Kennedy got a newer one ("It's magnificent. I'll take it"), and the tradition of Air Force One was born at the same time Kennedy headed America for the moon.

Now there is yet another chapter beginning in the air and space adventure. The engineers, pilots and salesmen in Paris last week were doing what President Reagan urged them to do—"dreaming again."

Now, the Timerman Affair

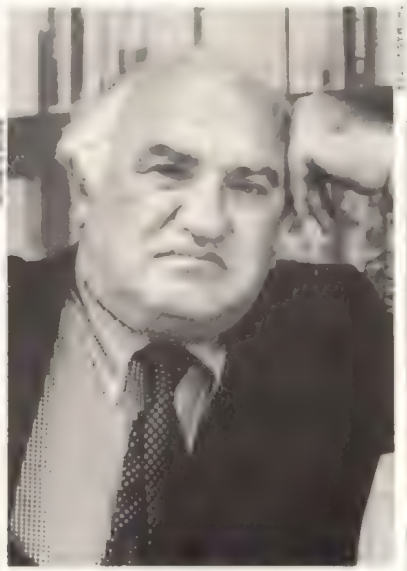
A bitter quarrel over an embattled exile's testimony

Prisoner Without a Name, Cell Without a Number (TIME, June 15) is a riveting tale of a man who underwent unspeakable torture and survived. In horrifying detail, exiled Argentine Publisher Jacobo Timerman, 58, details the sadism, brutality and anti-Semitic abuse he suffered during 30 months of imprisonment in Argentina between 1977 and 1979. His recently published book is also a devastating indictment of Argentina's junta, which the Council on Hemispheric Affairs has called the most flagrant violator of human rights in Latin America.

Initial reviews of Timerman's memoir were generally favorable. Now, however, an increasingly acrimonious quarrel has erupted over Timerman's testimony, involving prominent U.S. intellectuals and leaders of both the Argentine and American Jewish communities. In part, the arguments have arisen because of Timerman's political impact. On U.S. television, he has criticized President Reagan's low-key human rights policy and the Administration's efforts to improve relations with Argentina's military dictatorship. Last month Timerman was a silent but nonetheless potent presence at Senate Foreign Relations Committee hearings on Reagan's nomination of Ernest W. Lefever as Assistant Secretary of State for Human Rights and Humanitarian Affairs. Timerman, who has become an Israeli citizen, was not invited to testify at the confirmation hearings, but he had evidently become a symbol of liberal opposition to Lefever's view that human rights questions should not interfere with U.S. alliances. When Committee Chairman Charles Percy introduced Timerman at the hearings, the applause was loud and demonstrative. Democratic Congressman Richard Ottinger of New York even wrote Timerman that if the committee rejected the Lefever nomination it would be "clearly attributable to your efforts."

Political Scientist Irving Kristol

The first resounding volleys against Timerman were fired by conservative intellectuals who also happen to be supporters of Lefever. Writing in the *Wall Street Journal*, the neoconservative political scientist Irving Kristol characterized Timerman as a "Solzhenitsyn of the left" whose liberal partisans prefer to castigate friendly "authoritarian" regimes like Argentina's rather than hostile "totalitarian" governments like the Soviet Union's. Kristol also questioned Timerman's assertion that he had been imprisoned and tortured primarily because he was a Jew and a Zionist. According to Kristol, the real cause was Timerman's association with David Graiver, a mysterious Argentine financier who allegedly looted two U.S. banks of some $40 million while serving as a bagman for the Montoneros, Argentina's leftist guerrillas. Kristol expressed astonishment that Timerman's book makes no mention of Graiver, who had been part owner of *La Opinión*, the newspaper published and edited by Timerman before his arrest. Still, Kristol conceded that there was "no evidence" that Timerman had known about Graiver's alleged misdeeds.



Former Publisher (and Prisoner) Timerman

Tale of terror—and controversy.

Compounding these charges, Columnist William F. Buckley Jr. cited Simon Wiesenthal, the famed hunter of surviving Nazis, as having told a Uruguayan journalist that Timerman had interfered with Wiesenthal's decades-long pursuit of Josef Mengele, the infamous Nazi physician who performed deadly experiments on Jews at Auschwitz. Buckley claimed that Wiesenthal had also characterized Timerman as a "leftist" who had been sent to jail not because he was Jewish, but because he was "accused of being in favor of terrorism." In Israel last week, Wiesenthal said the latter statement had been quoted out of context, though he had once mistakenly thought that Timerman had hindered the search for Mengele.

Other voices joined in the debate. Much to the dismay of Timerman's advocates, many leaders of Argentina's 350,000-member Jewish community disagreed with his warning that a new Holocaust may be in the making there. Said Mario Gorenstein, president of the Delegation of Jewish Associations of Argentina, in a pointed reference to Timerman: "We don't seek to have publicity spectaculars." Other Argentine Jews suggested that Timerman has exaggerated their plight under the junta, thus making things worse for them. Following the lead of Argentine Jewry, influential U.S. Jewish leaders have downplayed the bombings of synagogues, the proliferation of virulent anti-Semitic literature and the discrimination against Jews in government service in Argentina.

Columnist William F. Buckley Jr.

Timerman has repeatedly compared the see-no-evil attitude of Argentina's Jews with that of Jewish leaders in Nazi Germany in the '30s, who begged Jews abroad to keep silent about Hitler's persecution in the hope that German Jewry might thereby be saved. In his book, Timerman declared that he had been humiliated not "by torture, by electric shock on my genitals" but "by the silent complicity of Jewish leaders."

No one questions Timerman's account of his personal ordeal. Never charged with a crime, he disappeared into the secret cellars and torture chambers of the military, like an estimated 15,000 to 20,000 other Argentine men, women and children. Timerman's critics, however, have questioned some of the conclusions he has drawn from that grim experience. Close observers of Argentine politics agree that anti-Jewish feeling runs deep in Argentine history and culture. But they doubt that the ideology of the junta

is profoundly anti-Semitic. They also question Timerman's theory that Argentine Jews are involved in a conspiracy of silence about their present peril.

Says Rabbi Morton Rosenthal, an expert on Latin America at the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith: "Anti-Semitism in Argentina is subtle and complex. There are no official laws directed against the Jewish people." Jacob Kovadloff of the American Jewish Committee maintains that human rights have improved in Argentina in the past six months. He also argues that "Timerman is not accurate when he says the Jews of Argentina are afraid to speak. Right now there is an open dialogue between the leaders of the Jewish community and high-ranking members of government."

Former Secretary of State Henry Kissinger interceded with the Argentine government for Timerman's release in 1978. Kissinger told TIME that "the trigger for his arrest was not anti-Semitism," although he also believes that the Argentine publisher was treated more brutally because he is Jewish. "There is no doubt that there are many anti-Semitic trends in Argentina, but not in the Nazi sense," he says. Kissinger agrees with the Reagan Administration that the distinction between totalitarian and authoritarian governments is a valid one, adding, "but that doesn't mean we shouldn't oppose violation of human rights in either place."

Among Timerman's most eloquent supporters is Argentine Human Rights Leader Emilio Mignone. On a visit to New York City last week, he insisted that "Timerman has told the total truth." Said Mignone: "All political prisoners or dissidents have a hard time of it when they are arrested, but the Jews suffer more than the others. They get the worst beatings, the cruelest torture, the vilest insults. The important thing about Timerman is that he spoke up; that is the best policy in facing a repressive regime."

In an interview with TIME's Victor Perry in Tel Aviv last week, Timerman accused Buckley of "lying" about him in his column. Timerman derided Kristol's claim that he was arrested because his business partner was a crook, pointing out that the Argentine government had never accused him of conspiring with Graiver.

Contrary to the optimistic reports made by some Jewish leaders, Timerman insists that the position of Argentine Jewry has deteriorated. He says: "Anti-Semitism in Argentina is official, promoted, sponsored and organized by the regime." U.S. efforts to present Argentina as a useful anti-Communist authoritarian power continue to anger him. "The people are friendly," he says, "but not the military dictatorship there." Other witnesses dispute Timerman's impassioned judgment about that military dictatorship. They do not question that he speaks with authority about the depravity of his captors, or about the anguish he so heroically endured. —*By Patricia Blake.*
Reported by Dean Brelis/New York

Sending Them Back to Haiti

The U.S. gets tough with one country's "boat people"

Inmates at Florida's Krome Avenue camp

The young man, handsome but for some missing teeth, is resolute. "If they mean to return me to Haiti, they can shoot me, they can kill me, I am not going back," he declares. "I am not going back to that life of nothing." The man is an inmate at Krome Avenue North Detention Center, in Dade County, Fla., a federal compound of tents and concrete barracks that holds 1,160 of his countrymen. They are among 13,000 Haitians who had the misfortune to arrive in the U.S. after Oct. 10, the Carter Administration's cutoff date for immigration amnesty.

Last week eleven Krome Avenue North residents were herded through a quick immigration hearing in Miami, then put on a jet back to Port-au-Prince. They were the first to be sent home under a new U.S. policy of deporting all Haitians who have arrived illegally since mid-May. (Last year more than 20,000 entered the U.S. legitimately.) Seventy-six more Haitians have been found similarly unacceptable and ordered to leave, but await judicial review of their cases, which will begin this week. If the Immigration and Naturalization Service has its way—as a Cabinet task force will shortly recommend—flights back to Haiti will become common, and the surge of illegal Haitian immigrants may be staunched.

Every week as many as 600 Haitians land in rickety craft on south Florida beaches. For more than two years, lax official attitudes and a tangle of litigation prevented the INS from rounding up the illegals and shipping them home. But a court in December freed the INS to throw out unauthorized Haitians, and the agency has just begun doing so.

Civil libertarians and social workers, however, claim the new INS policy, which permits perfunctory, closed hearings, is unfair to the bewildered, mostly illiterate Haitians. Critics challenge the Government's presumption that Haitians come here for economic reasons, and are thus not eligible for political asylum. Most Cuban arrivals, by contrast, are assumed to be fleeing from Communism. Some lawyers for the refugees charge it is racist to single out Haitians, 95% of whom are black, for exclusion.

The immediate intention of the new, firmer measures is to rid the U.S. of the most recently arrived Haitian illegals, but officials also hope to discourage would-be immigrants still in Haiti. Explains an INS staff member: "We can't be home to the world's poor. It's as simple as that." But nowhere in this hemisphere are there so many people so poor as in Haiti (pop. 6 million; per capita income, less than $300), and thus so eager to scrape together as much as $1,500 for the trip to Florida. The passage is usually unpleasant, sometimes fatal. Raymond Antoine, 46, is a Krome Avenue North inmate who spent five weeks in a small boat with 148 fellow Haitians. Asked why he persevered, he said, "*Misè, misè!* [Poverty, poverty!] My eight children are starving. I have to get work, money to feed them from here."

The INS contends that such motives have nothing to do with politics, that Haiti's once notorious government repression has subsided in the past decade and the immigrants will probably not be punished as they are returned. Indeed, the Haitian authorities are making no real effort to halt the exodus: the 400,000-member exile community in the U.S. sends perhaps $100 million back to their families on the island every year, and the escape route tempers unemployment and hopelessness. Yet no matter how fast the U.S. deports the Haitians, their bleak prospects will doubtless continue to prod them toward a country that does not want them. "I will try again and keep trying," asserted one man still in Haiti and eager to leave. "At least in jail in America I'll have a roof and meals." ■

The Hottest Town in America

For nearly 20 years it has been burning—and fuming

On the surface, at least, Centralia looks much like dozens of neighboring towns in the hard-coal country of eastern Pennsylvania. A casual traveler topping the hill where Route 61 swings up from the south can take in the entire community at a glance, from St. Ignatius' Catholic church at one end of town, past the wooden row houses and empty storefronts in the center, to onion-domed St. Mary's Russian Orthodox church at the other. But a more careful look reveals something else: acrid-smelling steam coming from the ground. Centralia sits on a bed of fire; it is its own hell on earth. The steam rises from pipes in the middle of Route 61, from vents in the yard of a gas station, from six tall stacks on a hilltop to the right of the highway and from holes that have opened in the ground itself.

BILL PIERCE

Vent pierces the earth at Centralia

A disgruntled motorist lets off steam

Centralia's residents are steaming too. They have posted signs (example: SAVE OUR TOWN—PUT OUT THE FIRE) everywhere, on homes, storefronts and automobiles, demanding that the Federal Government put out the fire that has been smoldering for nearly two decades in the abandoned mine shafts under their town. Unless the fire is extinguished, many of the 1,200 people who live in this small community 100 miles northwest of Philadelphia may be forced to move. Laments Joan Girolami, 38, who has lived there for 15 years: "The town is dying, and nobody's doing anything to save it."

Centralia's ordeal began in 1962, when fire from a refuse pit southeast of town spread into one of the coal seams and then into the mines, eventually forcing them to close. At first, no one seemed terribly concerned. A 1965 attempt to locate and excavate the blaze—the only way to extinguish an anthracite fire—was abandoned when local funds ran out. A number of subsequent attempts were also unsuccessful. Many townspeople assumed that if they ignored the fire it would eventually burn itself out.

It did not. Sulfurous smoke and steam, produced as the fire has heated underground water, have continued to rise through vents in the surface; heat has continued to build. Tom Coddington found in 1979 that the temperature in the underground gasoline storage tanks at his Amoco station had risen to 172° F. He was forced to drain the tanks to avoid an explosion. A few months later Coddington, who lived with his family in an apartment above the station, was overcome by carbon monoxide and rushed to a nearby hospital. Since then he has moved his family to a trailer set up on the town's ball field. Five other families were forced to move after monitors installed in their homes by the U.S. Department of the Interior's Bureau of Mines measured high carbon monoxide levels. "It got so we couldn't close our windows," said Tony Andrade. "We just gassed out."

The experiences of the six displaced families forced state and federal officials to take the fire more seriously. Then, last Valentine's Day, Todd Domboski, 12, went out to investigate smoke he saw rising from his grandmother's backyard, fell into a fuming hole that suddenly opened under his feet, and was saved only because a cousin had seen the accident and was able to pull him out.

The Bureau of Mines, which has statutory responsibility for mine fires and other problems resulting from bad mining practices, began the process of buying out 27 families whose homes lie within the "impact area" most threatened by escaping gases and steam, and moving them elsewhere. But the bureau has yet to take any steps to locate the fire and excavate in order to reach it, a process that would cost $80 million, or to relocate the more than 100 homes that could be affected if it did excavate.

Nor is aid for Centralia likely to come from anywhere else. Two men appeared in April, introducing themselves as representatives of an unidentified company interested in purchasing Centralia. They offered to buy out homeowners and establish a new town a few miles away in return for the right to mine the coal under Centralia. Most residents did not take the proposal too seriously. Says Tom Larkin, president of the Concerned Citizens Action Group: "We're not that desperate."

But some Centralians, unable to sell the homes that constitute their earthly wealth, are getting desperate. A number of parents believe that the fire down below is having a psychological effect on their children, many of whom have expressed fears of falling into holes like the one that nearly swallowed the Domboski boy. Others fear for their families' physical safety. Christine Oakum, 28, keeps a canary named Fred and an electronic monitor that checks for carbon monoxide and other gases in her home; she has taught her four boys, ages two to seven, to leave the house immediately if the alarm sounds. "As long as Freddie is singing and the monitor is beeping, you know things are all right," says Oakum, "but it's a nightmare." Katherine Jurgill, 20, who keeps an ear tuned to the monitor in her home, shares that anxiety. Jurgill's daughter Katrina, 2, was sick much of last winter. Her second child is due in mid-July. "The Government says we're safe," she remarks, "but it's hard to see steam coming out of the ground on both sides and believe that we are."

Some Centralians insist they will never leave their homes. But a growing majority say they are willing to move. In a nonbinding referendum that drew 80% of the borough's electorate last month, townspeople voted 434 to 204 to move if necessary. "You can replace a home," said Girolami. "You can't replace a family. A lot of us would be happy if the Government moved us. We've been waiting 19 years for them to put out the fire."

The people of Centralia may have to wait a bit longer. An underground mine fire at Carbondale, 50 miles to the north, burned for 33 years before it was finally extinguished in 1965. That fire asphyxiated six people before the Federal Government dug it out and smothered it with water and slurry. Centralia's fire has not killed anyone yet. —*By Peter Stoler*

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WHY THE 1981 U.S. GOV'T. REPORT ON CIGARETTES IS BEHIND THE TIMES!

On May 5, 1981, the Federal Trade Commission released its "new" 1981 report on cigarette tar levels.

Unfortunately, the new FTC report is really quite old.

Old because it is based on 1979 cigarette brands.

Old because much has happened in cigarette development during the year and a half that it took to complete the study.

Old because it doesn't tell tar-conscious smokers what they want to know today.

Even the FTC concedes that its report is out of date. And the fact is consumers do not have the latest statistics on comparative tar levels in ultra low tar cigarettes.

If you're a smoker, what does all this mean to you?

Now cigarettes are the Ultra Lowest Tar™ cigarettes available. No matter what the style, there is no cigarette lower in tar than today's Now.

These are the facts.

The 1981 FTC report is based on measurements of 1979 products. Here are the actual 1981 figures on lowest tar cigarette levels.

NUMBERS DON'T LIE. NO CIGARETTE, IN ANY SIZE, IS LOWER IN TAR THAN NOW.

	80's box	85's soft pack	100's box	100's soft pack
NOW	Less than 0.01mg	1mg	Less than 0.01mg	2mg
CARLTON	Less than 0.01mg	1mg*	1mg	5mg
CAMBRIDGE	0.1mg	1mg	—	4mg
BARCLAY	1mg	1mg	—	3mg

All tar numbers are av. per cigarette by FTC method, except the one asterisked (*) which is av. per cigarette by FTC Report May '81.

NOW The Lowest

The lowest in tar of all brands.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

BOX, BOX 100's: Less than 0.01 mg. "tar", 0.001 mg. nicotine, SOFT PACK 85's FILTER, MENTHOL: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine, SOFT PACK 100's FILTER, MENTHOL: 2 mg. "tar", 0.2 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method.

COVER STORIES

Attack—and Fallout

Israel blasts Iraq's reactor and creates a global shock wave

Quietly, he made intricate arrangements for the meeting. By Sunday, June 7, his chief military attaché, Brigadier General Efraim Poran, had called all 14 members of the Israeli Cabinet, asking each if he could come to a special 5 p.m. session with Prime Minister Menachem Begin at his Jerusalem home on that day. Each man thought that he was the only one invited and that a private chat about politics and policy would follow. It was a privilege to accept, and they did, though a few of the more orthodox Cabinet members grumbled that the appointed hour was dangerously close to the beginning, at sundown, of a major Jewish celebration: Shavuot, the Feast of Pentecost.

As each minister drove up to Begin's stone residence in the city's Rehavya district, his car was whisked away by a security man. One by one, the unknowing politicians were ushered into a ground-floor reception area, only to discover that the place was filling up with colleagues.

At 5:15, a shirtsleeved Begin emerged from his book-lined office and broke some staggering news with characteristic lack of ceremony. "Well," he said, "six of our planes are now on their way to their target in Iraq. I hope our boys will be able to complete their mission successfully and return to base."

There was stunned silence. Thinking of the still explosive Israeli confrontation in Lebanon over Syrian SA-6 missiles, one minister muttered: "You mean Syria."

Begin did not. He meant the French-built Tammuz 1 nuclear reactor at El-Tuwaitha, 10½ miles southwest of Baghdad. Begin straightway launched into his real reason for calling the meeting: to ponder what Israel should do in the event that the attack taking place 515 miles away should fail. Half an hour later, after several options had been considered, a telephone call interrupted the Cabinet meeting. It was Israeli Defense Force Chief of Staff, Lieut. General Rafael Eitan. He tersely informed Begin that the attack had been a total success. For a further 70 minutes, the Cabinet considered how Israel should cope with the lesser danger of one of the Israeli warplanes being shot down or crashing on its return journey. A little before 7 p.m., another telephone call announced the safe return of all aircraft. Jubilantly, the gathering celebrated the event, and the meeting broke up. Begin had only one other chore to perform. At 7 p.m., he called U.S. Ambassador to Israel Samuel Lewis with news of the successful raid. Lewis' laconic reply: "You don't say."

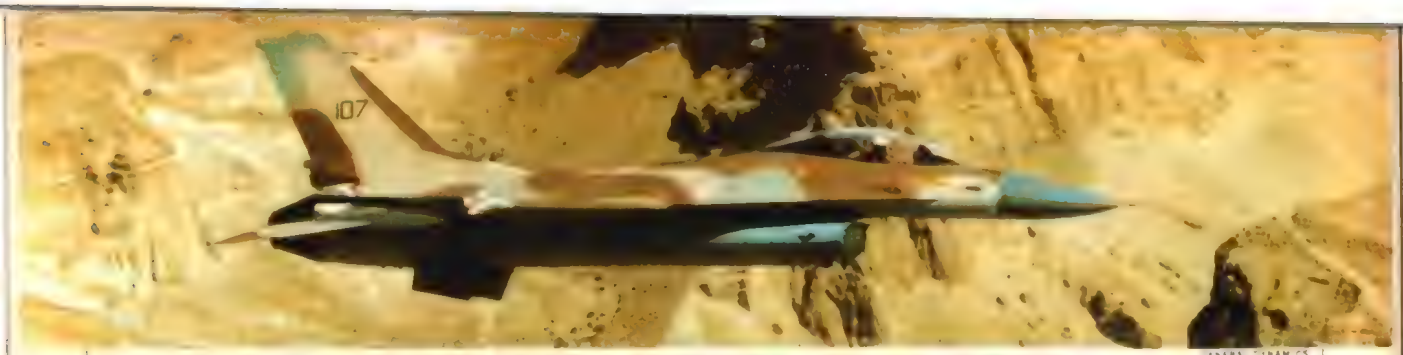
Begin's Cabinet may have been merely surprised, but the world was shocked when it learned the news. Using high-powered U.S. military technology with awesome efficiency, Israel had taken Iraq totally by surprise and destroyed that country's technological centerpiece, its nearly completed, $260 million nuclear-research reactor. The surgical strike, reminiscent of the pre-emptive air raids against Egypt in the 1967 Six Day War, was based on an Israeli perception that one of its most implacable foes would soon be making nuclear bombs. But, in removing that threat, the Israelis had done more than simply take international law into their own hands. They had dismayed their friends, increased their isolation and vastly compounded the difficulties of procuring a peaceful settlement of the confrontations in the Middle East that threaten the stability of that troubled region and of the world.

The raid jolted U.S.-Israeli relations. An upset Reagan Administration (*see* NATION) condemned the attack and then suspended "for the time being" the delivery of four additional F-16s that were ready to be shipped last week from Fort Worth to Israel. The U.S. Congress will soon face the question of whether Israel violated the 1952 agreement under which the U.S. provides weapons to an ally for "defensive" purposes only. Congress is likely to find a delicate way to avoid any substantive action.

The Israeli attack unified, however briefly, the normally divided Arab world, which put aside its own conflicts to urge the U.S. to restrict Israeli "aggression and expansionism" and to ask the United Nations to impose "binding sanctions" on Israel. Western diplomats in the Middle East also feared that the Arabs might feel forced to launch a retaliatory attack of some kind against the Israelis to recover their honor after yet another humiliation. Such an attack would certainly be answered by the Israelis, and the cycle of violence would quicken.

One Arab with a particular right to feel outraged was Egyptian President Anwar Sadat, who was "totally astonished" by the news of the raid. Well he might have been: Sadat had held a highly publicized summit meeting with Begin in the Sinai only three days before the raid, and received no hint that trouble might lie ahead.

Even though the U.S. had no more warning of the attack than anyone else (a fact that should cause deep concern among U.S. intelligence experts), the Tammuz raid endangered American credibility with moderate Arab regimes, which still see a U.S. hand behind any Israeli military adventure. The attack rendered far more difficult the simultaneous Reagan Administration bid to support Israel, cultivate Arab friendships and further the 1978 Camp David peace accord. The assault also imperiled the Lebanese peacemaking mission of U.S. Envoy Philip Habib, who returned to the Middle East last week after a 12-day absence. Habib had seemed close to working out an agreement among Israelis, Lebanese and Syrians that would cool the missile crisis in Lebanon. Indeed, the Israeli raid posed the question of whether the U.S. had any means at all of controlling the maverick actions of an increasingly independent nation that depends ultimately for its existence on the



On a combat training mission, an Israeli Air Force F-16 flies past the historic fortress of Masada near the Dead Sea

U.S. Or failing that, did the U.S. have any way of dissociating itself from those actions when they did occur?

The sortie rankled European governments as well. Most ruffled were the French, who supplied the Iraqis with the reactor, who lost a technician as the only reported casualty of the raid and whose newly elected Socialist President, François Mitterrand, had declared his willingness to strengthen ties with Israel. Said French Foreign Minister Claude Cheysson: "I am saddened. This government has a great deal of sympathy for Israel, but we don't think such action serves the cause of peace in the area." In her typically blunt fashion, British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher summed up the view of many others: "Armed attack in such circumstances cannot be justified; it represents a grave breach of international law."

Iraqi President Saddam Hussein

The raid was a stinging setback to the efforts of Secretary of State Alexander Haig to form a "strategic consensus" that Soviet expansionism in the Middle East, not Israel, is the greatest threat to Arab security. Warned Moustafa Khalil, Egypt's former Prime Minister: "If the Arabs see the U.S. failing to check Israel, failing to improve Arab self-defense, failing to solve the Palestinian problem, what are they going to do? They will have no alternative but to turn to the Soviet Union." The Soviet news agency, TASS, called the Israeli raid an "act of gangsterism" and accused Washington of being a direct accomplice

Perhaps most hazardous of all, the Israeli action managed to blend two of the world's most explosive issues: the question of nuclear proliferation in the Third World and the perpetual cauldron of Middle East politics. After a day of silence following the raid, Iraq declared that its reaction would be "bigger and better nuclear reactors." Begin made clear that Israel was ready to repeat its attack any time. Considering what might lie ahead, Sigvard Eklund, director-general of the International Atomic Energy Agency (IAEA), which inspects the nuclear facilities of signatories to the nuclear nonproliferation treaty, declared: "I do not think we have been faced with a more serious question than the implications of this development."

What the Israelis took less than three minutes to destroy had been developing since the mid-'70s, when Saddam Hussein, Iraq's dictatorial President, made a nuclear shopping trip to Paris. The Israeli Defense Ministry soon began to predict that the Iraqis would be capable of producing atom bombs within four to six years. In September 1975, a Lebanese newspaper article quoted Hussein as saying that the nuclear program was "the first Arab attempt toward nuclear arming, although the official declared purpose of construction of the reactor is not nuclear weapons." A similar statement was made in 1977 by Naim Haddad, a member of Iraq's ruling Revolutionary Command Council. Said Haddad: "The Arabs must get a bomb." In the face of such statements, the Israelis were not reassured by the fact that Iraq had signed the nuclear nonproliferation treaty, thereby

Israeli Prime Minister Menachem Begin

What the bombers saw: sunset view of Iraq's Tammuz nuclear-reactor complex under construction near Baghdad

Begin at press conference with (from left) Chief of Staff Rafael Eitan, Air Force Head David Ivri, Intelligence Chief Yehoshua Saguy

vowing not to make nuclear weapons and agreeing to let experts of the International Atomic Energy Agency inspect its atomic installations

U.S. officials were also concerned about the Iraqi reactor and its weapons potential, particularly since at that time Iraq was one of the most radical and pro-Soviet of the Arab states. In addition, the U.S. viewed Iraq as a dangerously disruptive force in the Middle East. Iraq had refused to sign an armistice agreement with Israel after the 1948 Arab-Israeli war. Thus Baghdad technically remained —and remains today—in a state of war with Israel. Says one U.S. expert: "Our worries reflected the quality of the regime as much as specific [nuclear] programs."

The Israelis frequently asked Washington to pressure France as well as Italy, another Iraqi nuclear supplier, into reconsidering their deals with Baghdad. The U.S. tried but did not succeed. Says a U.S official: "We thought there were clear grounds to exercise self-restraint. France and Italy disagreed." The two suppliers maintained that Iraq had given sufficient guarantees of its peaceful intentions.

But even then the Israelis were not relying solely on diplomatic maneuvering to avert a nuclear problem. Israeli agents were gathering information on the Iraqi project so successfully that one Israeli official boasts they were "almost ahead of the Iraqis - themselves." Among other things, the Israelis managed to obtain engineering blueprints for the entire reactor. On April 5, 1979, three days before the reactor's core was to be shipped to the Iraqis, a group of unidentified men managed to penetrate the high-security French nuclear production facility at La Seyne-sur-Mer, near Toulon. They attached explosive charges to the reactor core and fled. The resulting damage delayed the reactor's delivery for two years. The French thought that the attack was the work of MOSSAD, the Israeli intelligence organization. French sources also believe that Israelis warned French scientists and technicians to stay out of Iraq. On June 14, 1980, the Egyptian-born head of Iraq's nuclear program, Yahia El-Meshad, was bludgeoned to death at the Hotel Méridien in Paris. No assailant was arrested, but again, the French suspected MOSSAD.

In the winter of 1979, the Israelis began to assemble a "combat file" on the proposed reactor site at El-Tuwaitha. Using the engineering blueprints, Israeli experts pinpointed the exact location of the reactor core within its sheltering cupola. They also measured the size and strength of the cupola and the precise location of a computer installation that would eventually control the reactor's operation. In June 1980, the armed forces asked Prime Minister Begin to authorize a clandestine, infrared survey of the site at El-Tuwaitha. Before the mission, Begin was given an aerial photograph of the area. He did not hesitate. With a flourish, he signed the bottom of the photograph: "With the salutations of Zion. Menachem Begin."

In September 1980, the Israelis received additional intelligence. Taking advantage of the confusion at the start of the Iraq-Iran war, unmarked Israeli planes flew over the reactor site, gathering valuable data. It was during this period that two Iranian warplanes made a bumbling attack on the reactor, causing little damage. Iraq charged that Israel was involved. Israel's acting Defense Minister, Mordechai Zipori, labeled the accusation an "anti-Semitic blood libel."

But discussions about attacking the reactor were indeed being conducted at that time by Begin's Ministerial Defense Committee on Security Affairs. The meetings were in part spurred by an intelligence report that the Iraqis might be able to start manufacturing two or three small nuclear weapons within a year. Despite that, not all of the committee's Cabinet-level members were in favor of a pre-emptive raid. Among those opposed were Deputy Prime Minister Yigael Yadin, Interior Minister Yosef Burg and Education Minister Zevulun Hammer, who felt that the attack would damage relations with the U.S. But Begin prevailed with the support of such Israeli hawks as Agriculture Minister Ariel Sharon and Foreign Minister Yitzhak Shamir. In October 1980, the raid plan was given the go-ahead. Thereafter, Begin took complete personal control of the operation.

In all, five different dates were set for the attack. The first, in November 1980, was canceled because of the Iran-Iraq fighting: the French had evacuated most of their 150 technicians from El-Tuwaitha, and the Israelis assumed that work on the reactor would be halted indefinitely. But after the war bogged down, the French returned. Another attack date was set for February, but it was canceled after Yadin reiterated his strong objections. A third date, in March, was scrubbed for undisclosed reasons. In May, the ministerial committee authorized Begin to choose his own date for the raid, but strong objections about timing were raised by Opposition Leader Shimon Peres, who had been briefed on the scheme, and the strike was once more postponed.

After so many false starts, the cloak of secrecy sheltering the operation was beginning to fray. On May 22, word of the raid was leaked to Moshe Shahal, a Knesset opposition party leader. His source: former Defense Minister Ezer Weizman, who viewed the proposed strike as "adventurist." At roughly the same time, Begin's office received two additional intelligence reports that the Iraqis were prepared to activate the reactor (make it "hot," in technical jargon) as early as the first week in July. On June 5, Begin gave orders to launch the attack two days lat-

er. His day of decision was the 14th anniversary of the Six-Day War.

The Israeli Air Force had not been idle during these months of deliberation. A full-scale model of the entire reactor area had been built in a restricted part of the Sinai Desert, and a carefully selected group of the most talented Israeli pilots practiced their bombing runs until, in the words of one high-ranking officer, they knew "every tree and house" along their eventual attack route. Despite the scope of the rehearsals, the U.S. says that it did not detect the operation, either by satellite or other means. Originally, the plan called for the bombing to be carried out by F-4 Phantom jets. However, the first batches of 75 light, agile F-16 fighters, ordered from the U.S. in August 1977, had arrived in Israel. The Israeli Air Force had the innovative notion of making a bomber out of a fighter designed for jet-age dogfights. Tests showed that the F-16s, equipped with special bomb racks and additional fuel tanks, could just make the 1,300-mile round trip to Baghdad without aerial refueling if they were not attacked and made only one bombing run on the target.

At 4:40 p.m. local time on June 7, the first of the F-15 support fighters that had been stored in underground bunkers lifted off from Israel's Etzion airbase in the eastern Sinai. The F-15s avoided using their afterburners to conserve fuel. Soon the F-16s joined them, and the jets headed east, flying low, the escorting F-15s above and on either side of the bombers.

The formation headed across the Gulf of Aqaba toward Jordan, following a top-secret route designed to take advantage of blind spots in Arab radar coverage along the borders of Saudi Arabia, Jordan and Iraq. The aircraft stayed close to the terrain, but varied their altitudes in a weaving pattern that had been tested by the Israeli Air Force as a means to further reduce radar visibility.

Even so, as they crossed the eastern bank of the Gulf of Aqaba and began to climb over the nearby rocky red mountains, the higher-flying F-15s were picked up by Jordanian radar based at Ma'an. The station radioed the planes in Arabic, using international emergency frequencies. The Israelis were prepared. They replied in perfect Arabic, apparently convincing the ground spotters that the sighting was either Jordanian or Saudi aircraft. As the flight went on, the Israelis were aided by the fact that the surrounding Arab countries have failed to establish an integrated air defense command. Thus the Jordanians did not pass on the sighting either to Saudi Arabia or to Iraq.

The flight plan, exact details of which remain secret, skirted the southern tip of Jordan, then proceeded northeast across the top of Saudi Arabia. From time to time the jets would flash over a reference point, and the group leader would radio a code message ("sand dune yellow") to the war room in Tel Aviv's Defense Ministry building. The warplanes remained well beyond the range of U.S.-operated AWACS radar aircraft currently assigned to the Saudis and patroling the country's Persian Gulf perimeter. The job of the one AWACS that was airborne at the time was solely to survey the gulf area. Its effective radar range of 230 miles could not reach the Israeli attacking aircraft, exactly as the Israelis had anticipated.

At 5:10 p.m. Israeli time, the lead fighter penetrated Iraqi airspace. The aircraft continued to change course continuously as they moved in on target, howling through the Sunday twilight at 400 m.p.h. For months the Israelis had studied the route up the Euphrates Valley, convinced that they could negotiate it without being detected by radar or ground observers. Fifty minutes after takeoff, the warplanes sighted their target, the distinctive cupola housing the nuclear reactor. The aircraft wheeled and climbed toward the setting sun—the classic maneuver prior to attack.

While the six twin-engine F-15s provided a protective umbrella, the specially

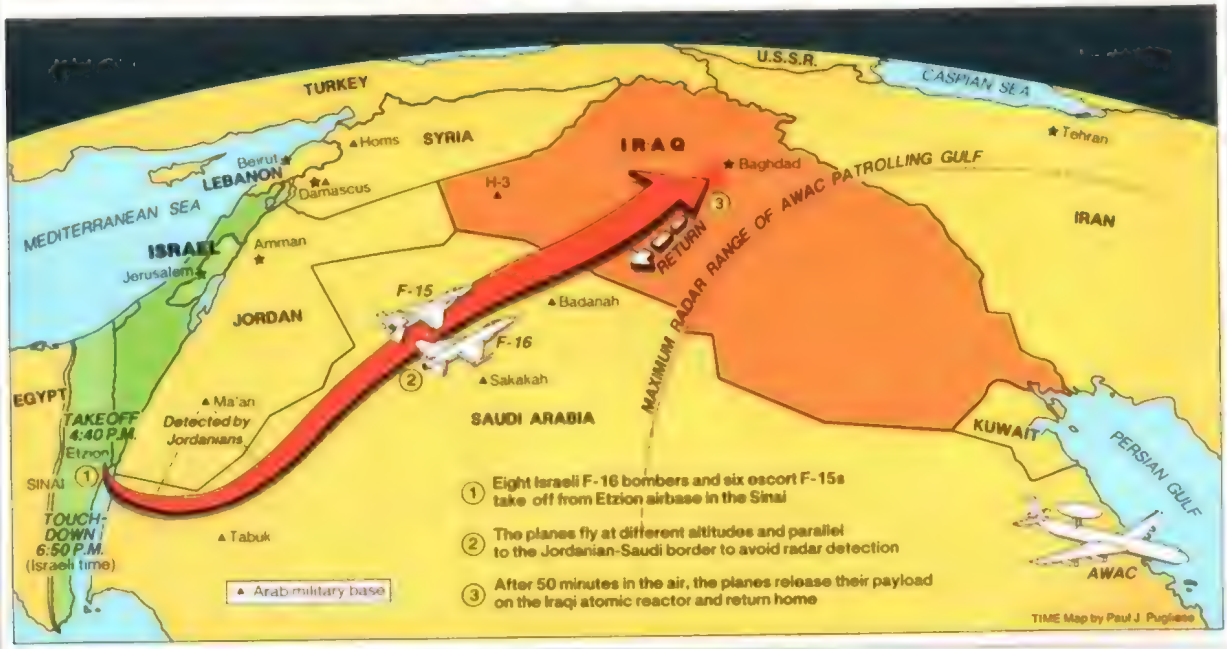
From the Soul

Rarely has a national leader laid out with such emphasis, or in such vivid language, the distinctive course he had set for his country as did Menachem Begin last week. Samples of the Prime Minister's impassioned discourse:

▸ "The Iraqis were preparing atomic bombs to drop on the children of Israel. Haven't you heard of 1½ million little Jewish children who were thrown into the gas chambers?"

▸ "So we faced a terrible dilemma: Should we now be passive, and then lose the last opportunity without those horrible casualties amongst the Baghdad population, to destroy the hotbed of death, and then not be able to make it unoperational any more or forever —or should we act now, for reasons I do not have to explain?"

▸ "Another Holocaust would have happened in the history of the Jewish people. Never again, never again. Tell your friends, tell anybody you meet, we shall defend our people with all the means at our disposal."



Embargoed F-16 scheduled for Israel waits at General Dynamics plant in Fort Worth

armed F-16s screamed into their bombing runs. The lead plane fired a pair of video-guided precision "smart" bombs, to punch through predetermined spots in the domed concrete. The following aircraft launched their own explosives through the jagged holes: a dozen conventional bombs weighing 2,200 lbs. each. After a series of shattering roars, the roof collapsed, burying the reactor's radioactive core under hundreds of tons of concrete and steel debris. Fire raged through the site. Two of the attackers, carrying cameras rather than heavy explosives, made a pass to film the scene. Then they streaked for home, ignoring ineffectual puffs of antiaircraft fire and leaving behind the one civilian casualty, one bomb that failed to explode and the mangled nuclear ambitions of Iraq.

In Baghdad, a line of barrage balloons designed to foil low-flying aircraft floated placidly above the city. With the sun hovering low on the horizon, the jets had appeared suddenly out of nowhere. When the bombs dropped, there were muffled explosions. As guests arrived at the Italian embassy to celebrate the host country's national day, some speculated that the detonations might have had something to do with the nuclear establishment. In downtown Baghdad, in the *suqs* (marketplaces) and along the riverbanks, no one seemed to notice. No antiaircraft fire was heard until an hour later. The city went to bed largely unaware that Israel had carried out its brilliant attack

Israel, too, was eerily silent about the raid. Begin had instructed his new press secretary, Uri Porath, to prepare an official announcement at short notice, not to be given before news reports of the attack came over the wires. Porath waited through all of Sunday evening for a telephone call from Begin authorizing release of the story. Not until the following day, after Amman Radio sketchily outlined the raid as a joint Israeli-Iranian venture, did Israel give its own version of events.

When Porath telephoned in the government's statement to a holiday skeleton staff at Israel Radio, journalists refused for an hour to believe that the startling report was genuine. Only when Radio Staffer Emmanuel Halperin, Begin's nephew, confirmed the facts with the Prime Minister himself, did the station put the reports on the air.

The Israeli reaction was, naturally enough, pride in their military accomplishment. But there was not the same spontaneous celebration in the streets, for example, that greeted the July 1976 pinpoint Israeli commando raid on Uganda's Entebbe airfield. One reason was that as international criticism started to pour in, many Israelis sensed an impending isolation. Said Eli Ben-Hamo, 26, a Jerusalem café owner: "It was necessary. It had to be done. But I'm worried. We're doing it to ourselves. For years the world didn't much like us. Nowadays we're giving them reason not to." Others had fewer doubts. Said one Israeli official: "I think something positive has happened to world welfare in the same way that we made a major impact on the hijacking situation at Entebbe. Today nobody gives in to hijacking blackmail. When the criticism has subsided, people will realize that you can't allow every small country, particularly like Iraq, to own the atom bomb." Said Miriam Hefetz, 29, a government secretary: "We're doing the dirty work for the rest of the world. We have nothing to be ashamed of. Somebody had to stop Iraq."

Outside Israel—and even inside the country—there was an immediate suspicion that the raid and its timing had more to do with Israel's June 30 national election than with impending nuclear threats from the Iraqis. The six-month campaign between Begin's ruling Likud coalition and the opposition Labor Party of Shimon Peres was one of the most strained in the country's history. Owing in part to Begin's tough stance on the Syrian missiles in Lebanon, his party had moved ahead, 38% to 33%, in a poll conducted before the raid. The Likud had trailed in January, 14% to 44%. In London, diplomats guessed that the Iraqi raid was designed to boost Begin's election chances and to deliver a message to the Syrians about their SA-6 missiles, which the Israelis have threatened to destroy. Seethed one British Cabinet member: "It is a measure of Begin's fanaticism, personal ambition and total disregard of the truth that he was prepared to risk the peace of the Middle East, and even world peace, to achieve his ends." Skepticism increased when IAEA Director-General Eklund agreed with the Iraqis' claim that they had not been trying to make a weapon with their reactor. Even if the Iraqis had tried, said Eklund, they would need ten years to build one. U.S. estimates of the time that the Iraqis would need vary from two to ten years. Much would depend on how blatantly the Iraqis were willing to violate their peaceful commitment under the nonproliferation treaty, and the vigilance of the inspectors and French technicians. So far, the Iraqis have shown no

Arab League Secretary-General Chedli Klibi at press conference following Baghdad meeting

A demand for U.N. sanctions against Israel and a cutoff of all aid from the U.S.

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LIFE/HEALTH/AUTO/HOME/RETIREMENT

Disputed Target in the Desert

From the outset, Iraq has claimed that the nearly completed, $260 million French-built research reactor, scheduled to be activated this summer, was intended only to train Iraqi scientists and technicians in nuclear technology. A facility was first discussed in 1974 by then French Premier Jacques Chirac and Iraq's Saddam Hussein. The final agreement led to the erection of the 70-MW reactor at the Tammuz nuclear center in the desert at El-Tuwaitha. It was supported by an 800-kW minireactor, separately housed and untouched by the raid, that was used for minor experiments and to prepare radioactive materials.

Italian workers at the center had been completing four new laboratories, including one for fabricating natural uranium fuel. These labs were not hit, nor was an Italian-built "hot cell" lab, where Iraqi technicians could learn the techniques of handling radioactive materials, including, theoretically, how to separate tiny amounts of plutonium from spent uranium fuel.

Because plutonium can be used to make nuclear weapons, its possible production at the Tammuz site was central to the Israelis' justification for the raid. The Iraqi-French contract required delivery of 70 kg of 93% enriched U-235, a grade and amount of uranium well suited for making nuclear weapons. In addition, the 70-MW Tammuz reactor was 14 times as powerful as most research reactors, and Israeli physicists contend it could have been modified to readily produce weapons-grade plutonium.

France's Chirac toasts Iraq's Hussein during their discussions about reactors in 1974

The French, however, insist that any diversion of enriched uranium by the Iraqis for bombmaking, or conversion of the reactor for plutonium production, would immediately have been spotted by the 150 French technical advisers at Tammuz or by International Atomic Energy Agency inspectors charged with enforcing the nuclear nonproliferation treaty, which Iraq signed in 1968. France had taken steps to minimize the possibility that nuclear fuel might be diverted for military purposes. Paris had promised, for example, to deliver only enough enriched uranium in a shipment to keep the reactor going, thus preventing the Iraqis from stockpiling the material. Last June, when the first 12 kg of uranium were shipped to Tammuz under careful IAEA and French supervision, the French took the precaution of irradiating the uranium to make it impossible for the relatively unsophisticated Iraqi technicians to handle it without assistance. So far, Iraq has not been found guilty of any violations. The most recent inspection of the Tammuz facility took place in January. Reported IAEA Deputy Director Hans Grümm: "All fissionable material was accounted for. There had been no breach of the treaty."

Though the Israelis insist that Iraq was only months away from constructing a bomb, many international nuclear experts doubt that the Iraqis would have had the technical expertise to build a nuclear device for another ten years. Says a French official: "The danger is not that Iraq would build a bomb in the next year or two, but that by the end of the decade Iraq would have the know-how to do whatever it pleases without anyone's assistance."

intention of violating the treaty at all.

The Israeli Prime Minister only partly clarified matters on Tuesday at one of the most extraordinary press conferences of his life. His defense of the mission was vintage Begin. "Despite all the condemnations heaped on Israel for the last 24 hours," he began, "Israel has nothing to apologize for. Ours is a just cause, we stand by it, and it will triumph."

Begin built his rationale for the attack on Iraqi documents. Following the September raid by Iran on the Tammuz reactor, Iraq issued a statement that Begin read from a Baghdad newspaper. Quoted Begin: "The Iranian people should not fear the Iraqi nuclear reactor, which is not intended to be used against Iran, but against the Zionist enemy." He added that the imminent start-up of the reactor would enable Iraq to begin manufacturing, "in the near future, between three and five Hiroshima-type nuclear bombs of 20 kilotons."

Begin then gave a humanitarian twist to the raid. He declared that the reactor was going to start to process highly radioactive materials either the first week of July or the first week of September. Once the reactor was "hot," explained Begin, any successful bombing attack would unleash "a horrifying wave of radioactivity." In a ghoulish reference, he reminded listeners that Nazi mass murderers had used poisonous Zyklon B gas on their Jewish victims, and radioactivity "is also a poison." Said Begin: "In Baghdad, hundreds of thousands of innocent citizens would have been hurt. I for one would never have made a proposal under such circumstances to send our Air Force and bomb the reactor."

Thus, in Begin's view, Israel faced "a terrible dilemma: Should we now be passive and then lose the last opportunity without those horrible casualties to destroy the hotbed of death, or should we act now?" His voice dramatically pitched, Begin answered his own question. "Then this country and this people would have been lost, after the Holocaust. Another Holocaust would have happened in the history of the Jewish people. Never again, never again. Tell your friends, tell anybody you meet, we shall defend our people with all the means at our disposal." The bombing raid, drummed Begin, was a "morally supreme act of national self-defense. No fault whatsoever on our side."

No mention was made then of the fact that the CIA had concluded in 1974 that Israel had nuclear weapons of its own or that Israel, unlike Iraq, has not signed the nuclear nonproliferation treaty and will not allow inspectors to visit its reactor at Dimona in the Negev Desert.

At one point, Begin was asked what would happen if the world condemned Israel. "Well, my friends," he said, "what can we do? We are an ancient people, we

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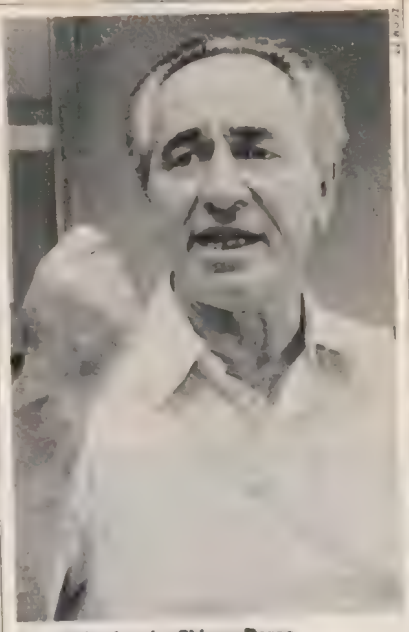
are used to it. We survived, we shall survive." And to the question of how Israel would react if Libya got the bomb, Begin replied, amid laughter, "Let us deal first with that *meshuggener* [Yiddish for lunatic], Saddam Hussein. With the other *meshuggener* [Libyan Strongman Muammar Gaddafi], another time."

Stripped of its rhetoric, Begin's defense of the raid was based on an implicit strategic calculation: that tiny Israel, unlike the U.S., could not survive a first nuclear assault and deliver a counterattack. All the country's airbases, for example, could be taken out in a single strike. Nor can Israel afford the enormous expense of keeping warplanes in the air at all times as a deterrent to aggressors. Thus the country feels a particular vulnerability to nuclear blackmail. The Begin view: no Israeli government, or any other government in a similar position, could ever take the risk that a foe armed with atomic bombs would not use them.

By invoking an argument that jurists sometimes call "anticipatory self-defense," Begin was straying into an exceedingly murky area of international law. The United Nations Charter, which prohibits international aggression, also recognizes a state's legitimate right of self-defense in the face of "armed attack." The U.N. has broadened that definition on occasion to include pre-emptive attacks when there was overwhelming evidence that an aggressor planned a hostile act in the immediate future. In 1967, for example, the U.N. Security Council did not condemn Israel for its Six-Day War attack on Egypt, since there was evidence of Egypt's aggressive intentions. Says Christian Tomuschat, professor of international law at the University of Bonn: "It always comes down to the same question: Was there a real and imminent danger that would have justified a preventive strike?"

Almost no expert feels that Iraq's alleged bombmaking capability—in one year, as Israeli intelligence would have it, or ten, as nuclear regulators claim—falls within the internationally recognized definition of "imminent danger." Legal scholars sympathetic to Israel suggest that the country should have given a public warning or ultimatum to Iraq, or taken other overt diplomatic action before launching the strike. Says Alfred Rubin, international law professor at Tufts University's Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy: "It makes a difference politically. I would have thought they would have been better off lining up allies and so forth."



Opposition Leader Shimon Peres

Israel could become "a lonely shrub."

Begin's justifications for the raid might have been more convincing if a persistent odor of electioneering had not clung to some of his other actions. The day after Begin's press conference, an ugly spate of name-calling erupted between the Prime Minister and Opposition Leader Peres. Reason: Begin had given the Israeli Knesset's Foreign Affairs and Defense Committee a copy of Peres' "personal and top-secret" letter that resulted in one of the raid's postponements. Peres had learned that the attack was scheduled for May 10, the date of the deciding round of French presidential elections. As a "supreme civic duty," he warned Begin not to go ahead. Peres felt, correctly, as it happened, that Socialist François Mitterrand would win, and that there were signs that the new French President would do everything possible to "make the Iraqi reactor impotent, militarily." Peres also warned Begin that the raid would leave Israel as isolated "as a lonely shrub in the desert."

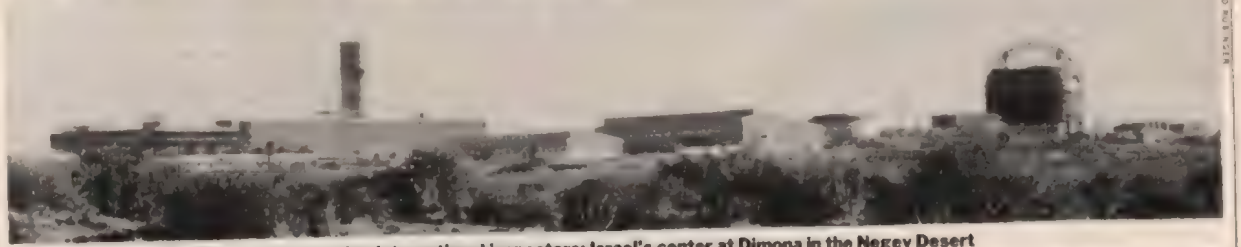
Peres' letter was so vaguely worded—for "security reasons," he claimed, should it fall into unfriendly hands—that Begin could send it to the Knesset with the charge that his rival opposed the reactor raid "in principle." Peres called Begin's ploy "arrogance," while others termed it "pure politics." Begin's government, said Peres, was one "that bends national affairs to suit party aims."

Begin himself obviously felt he had to go further in his accusations against Iraq. On Wednesday, after his government complained that the temporary U.S. suspension of the latest F-16 shipment was "unjust," Begin made a new claim about the Tammuz reactor. He declared that some 132 ft. beneath the demolished reactor there was a secret installation, undiscovered by international inspectors, where the Iraqis intended to produce their bombs. This too, he said, had been destroyed. The next day, Begin altered the depth of the hiding place to 13.2 ft.

Both the IAEA and the French designers of the reactor flatly denied the existence of any such secret room at any level. The construction had been under constant French supervision. In all likelihood, Begin was referring to the reactor's "guide chamber," a sealed area in such installations where physicists conduct experiments with the neutrons produced by the reactor.

If Begin's knowledge of reactors proved to be foggy, so did his understanding of the Reagan Administration's response to the raid. Begin was outraged by a report, carried in the press, that U.S. Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger had suggested cutting off all forms of U.S. military aid to Israel as punishment. "What chutzpah," Begin fumed to his aides. On the hustings, Begin went further. "By what morality were you acting, Mr. American Secretary of Defense?" he asked rhetorically before a campaign crowd. "Haven't you heard of 1.5 million little Jewish children who were thrown into the gas chambers?" Weinberger, who in fact had not urged stopping aid to Israel, issued a calm statement saying that he was "sorry that Mr. Begin is proceeding on an erroneous assumption."

Despite Begin's outlandish utterances, there was a perceptible relaxation by week's end of the fear that the Tammuz raid might set off some new and shock-



A nuclear research facility that is closed to international inspectors: Israel's center at Dimona in the Negev Desert

ing chain reaction in the Middle East. Egyptian President Sadat had declared that he would remain faithful to the Camp David peace process despite Israel's "intolerable" act. Said Sadat: "We started [the peace movement] and we're not ready at all to give it up." The foreign ministers of the 21-member Arab League issued a tough but predictable resolution condemning the attack, calling for a halt to all U.S. assistance to Israel and demanding U.N. sanctions in retaliation for the assault. Arab League Secretary-General Chedli Klibi declared the session to be "one of the shortest and most successful Arab meetings to date."

This week the Arabs will ask the Security Council to condemn Israel. In addition to calling for sanctions, which almost certainly will be vetoed by Jeane Kirkpatrick, U.S. Ambassador to the U.N., Iraqi Foreign Minister Saadoun Hammadi has demanded that the council order Israel to open its own atomic facilities for inspection and subject them to the safeguard system of the IAEA. Israel's U.N. Ambassador Yehuda Blum, on the other hand, has proposed making the Middle East a nuclear-free zone—a ploy that would require Arab states to recognize Israel as an equal partner.

U.S. Ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick consults with Israel's Yehuda Blum at the United Nations

Calls for inspection and sanctions, and a proposal for a nuclear-free zone

Meanwhile, Iraqi reaction to the raid has continued to be remarkably restrained. The country's basic strategy so far seems to be to let Israel condemn itself with its own words. Iraq has already earned a wide measure of world sympathy. A violent, desperate act cannot yet be ruled out, but Iraq does not seem interested in wasting valuable support.

In its timing, at least, Israel may have been right about the raid. So thinks a senior Western diplomat in Beirut, who feels that the Israelis suspect, correctly, that as the Reagan Administration clarifies its Middle East policy, "it will almost certainly move more in favor of the Arabs. So, if a strike against Iraq were necessary, there would never be a better time." The same diplomat doubts that Israel will soon strike the Syrian missiles in Lebanon. Says he: "Any attempt to remove the missiles will involve Israeli casualties, and the last thing the Israeli Prime Minister needs as the country moves toward a general election is Israeli dead and wounded."

In the aftermath of the raid, American as well as Israeli officials have suggested that not all Arabs were outraged, or even unhappy, about the demolition of Iraq's atomic reactor, despite the Arabs' apparently solid front. Prior to the raid, both Syria and Saudi Arabia were intensely suspicious of the Saddam Hussein regime. If either country—not to mention the warring Iranians—took Hussein's atomic ambitions as seriously as the Israelis did, they would be relieved by the attack. So too the Egyptians. Insists an Israeli Foreign Ministry official: "We have discreet information that the Saudis are happy, and some Egyptian officials have expressed quiet satisfaction."

In the corridors of French power, there was also a sense of relief that the Iraqi reactor was gone, although diplomats were sharply opposed to the Israeli tactics. Foreign Minister Cheysson had already declared that "we Socialists would never have signed this [nuclear] contract. At least not without a clearer idea of Iraqi intentions. And not without clearer guarantees that it could be used only for peaceful purposes." Paris would likely demand much tougher restrictions for the reactor if asked to rebuild it.

But a number of deeply disturbing issues remain. The first is the increasingly truculent unpredictability of Israel, at least under Menachem Begin. The Reagan Administration—and Congress—needs to pursue the unpleasant implications of the fact that no hold on Israeli behavior seems to be strong enough. The same examination is needed within Israel, which runs the risk of ever increasing isolation if even relatively new friends, like Egypt's Sadat, must brace for a shocking surprise just three days after a public show of Israeli esteem.

It is equally obvious that nothing short of a comprehensive Middle East agreement, including a just settlement for the issue of Palestinian self-determination, will bring true peace to the region. After the Tammuz raid, no Arab country can accept Secretary of State Haig's thesis that Soviet adventurism is a greater threat to the area. No less a figure than Saudi Arabia's King Khalid made the point last week during a visit to British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher. Without movement toward that regional goal, even the most conservative Arab states may give up any hope of gaining satisfaction from the West, and instead seek to put new pressure on Israel

Most complicated of all is the issue of nuclear proliferation *(see box)* and the argument invoked by the Israelis that any strike against a nuclear installation that it perceives to be a threat is justified. That course is foolhardy. As Columnist Carl Rowan wrote in the Washington *Star:* "If Israel's nuclear nonproliferation strike is right and proper, then would it not be equally moral for an aggressor to attack suspected nuclear weapons in Israel?"

At a mass meeting in Tripoli, Libya's strongman, Muammar Gaddafi, took precisely that stance. With Palestine Liberation Organization Chairman Yasser Arafat present, Gaddafi declared that "Israel made it legitimate for us to destroy the Israel reactor."

Alas, there are too many other rival states around the world where hatred and radioactive isotopes mix—India and Pakistan, for example—for the principle of pre-emptive strikes to be condoned

Since it won its war for existence in 1948, Israel has scored a number of brilliant military successes, and it clearly added to that number last week. But while feats of arms have brought survival, they have not brought peace. As the dust settled in the Iraqi desert and the fires guttered out in the smashed nuclear reactor in Tammuz, Israel was not about to be abandoned by its friends, especially the U.S. Yet there was a growing international feeling that the embattled nation must try harder to make an accommodation with its Arab neighbors if it is ever to enjoy the true security that it has pursued with such zeal for so long. *—By George Russell. Reported by David Aikman/Jerusalem and William Stewart/Baghdad, with other bureaus*

The ABCs of A-Bombmaking

Can anyone with the money master the subject?

Suppose a small nation with limited technological skills wants to build an atomic bomb. Could it succeed? Yes, most nuclear experts think the answer is yes, especially if the country already possesses a nuclear reactor and the know-how to run it. One of the unhappy facts of the nuclear age is that the same reactors used in peaceful nuclear research and in the production of electricity can also serve as the starting points for fabricating A-bombs.

Building its own reactor would be extremely difficult for a Third World country. But buying one would not be much of a problem, particularly for a nation like Iraq, flush with petrodollars. At least 15 countries* are now offering nuclear technology on the international market. Their wares include not only a variety of reactors and fuels, along with the necessary technicians, but also reprocessing machinery that could be used for recovering the lethal ingredients for bombmaking from the spent reactor materials. A tidy set of such equipment that would be suitable for conversion to weapon construction would cost upwards of $250 million.

A nation that had signed the 1968 nonproliferation treaty, only to decide that it wanted a nuclear weapon after all, would have to conceal its operations from the International Atomic Energy Agency (IAEA), a Vienna-based affiliate of the U.N. The agency's inspectors are often on hand when nuclear fuel is loaded into a reactor. They install sealed closed-circuit TV cameras for continuous on-site monitoring, and they return periodically to check this equipment. Still, the IAEA's inspectors do not always get to see what they would like in member countries. For a time during the Iraq-Iran fighting, for example, Baghdad refused to allow IAEA officials into the area.

A bigger problem is that more and more people around the world know how to build bombs. Even U.S. college students, poring through declassified Government technical papers, have put together designs for rudimentary A-bombs. Articles have been written about the subject. The key ingredient for both the bombs and the reactors is the same: fissile material such as uranium or plutonium, whose atoms can readily split, scattering tiny, fast-moving particles called neutrons. When neutrons score bull's-eyes on the nuclei of neighboring atoms, they split them as well, unleashing still more neutrons, which in turn cause more breakups, all of which release energy.

In a nuclear reactor, such a chain reaction is kept under control by "absorbers"—usually boron or cadmium rods. These capture neutrons that might otherwise split more atoms. But if the fissile material is pure enough, and sufficiently compressed, as in a bomb, the chain reaction speeds up. Heat accumulates, and the material blows apart to produce the nuclear age's familiar mushroom cloud.

Most nuclear reactors and some nuclear weapons use a rare isotope of uranium called U-235. To explode, the U-235 must be relatively pure, preferably 90% or more. Commercial U.S. reactors, by comparison, usually run on a mix containing only 3% U-235. This hampers would-be bombsmiths, since enriching U-235 to a high level demands extremely complex separation techniques that are still beyond the capability of all but the most advanced industrial countries. Yet there are some relatively simple ways of overcoming this handicap.

One would be to buy enriched uranium from a nuclear nation as part of a deal for a reactor designed to burn such weapons-grade fuel. The reactor Iraq acquired from France would have used 93% enriched U-235. During the course of operation, some of this material might be skimmed off for nuclear weaponry, although that would be a risky proposition. The IAEA inspectors might spot the diversion, or some of the foreign technicians at the site might blow the whistle on the schemers.

But diverting enriched U-235 is not the only option for the bombmaker. A-bombs can also be fashioned out of plutonium, which is a byproduct of the modern alchemy that occurs in reactors. Even relatively small reactors can produce several pounds a month of a type of plutonium that lends itself to bombmaking. Equally important, plutonium, unlike the nearly identical isotopes of uranium, is a separate element with its own distinctive characteristics. Thus it is relatively easy to pick out by ordinary chemical means from other radioactive material

After only a year or so of operation, enough plutonium (about 35 lbs.) could be generated in a small reactor to build two or three bombs of the type dropped on Nagasaki. The plutonium would be formed into a hollow sphere containing a small neutron source that might be made of radium and beryllium. The plutonium itself would be wrapped in a beryllium or uranium reflector, which helps contain neutrons and prolong the chain reaction. This shield would in turn be covered by a layer of TNT charges, the most critical aspect of the design. The charges would have to be so carefully shaped that the detonation would direct their force largely inward, crushing the plutonium into a solid, compact ball. The plutonium would quickly reach what bombmakers call supercritical density. As the chain reaction went out of control the material would explode.

By today's superpower standards, a Nagasaki-type bomb would be puny—the equivalent of a mere 10,000 tons of TNT. But that might be more than enough to terrorize an enemy, or crush a nonnuclear neighbor.

—By Frederic Golden

*In addition to the U.S. these include the Soviet Union and three of its allies—Czechoslovakia, East Germany and Poland—Britain, France, West Germany, The Netherlands, Belgium, Sweden, Switzerland, Italy, Canada and Japan.

Trying to Contain the Genie

The industrialized nations must cooperate, not compete

Israel's attack on the Iraqi reactor last week on the grounds of self-defense dramatized the dilemma that has haunted the nuclear age since the U.S. exploded the first atomic bomb in a New Mexico desert 36 years ago: how to cope with the genie of nuclear power once released. After the first atomic blast, President Harry Truman said that control of the bomb was "the No. 1 problem of the world," adding confidently that "we would in time come to some intelligent solution." Truman was too optimistic. According to the International Atomic Energy Agency, there are some 340 research reactors and 475 power reactors in operation or under construction in a total of 46 nations. Says the agency's deputy director, Hans Grümm: "Any really determined nation could now produce the bomb."

The U.S. monopoly lasted just four years. In 1949 the Soviet Union exploded an atomic bomb, followed three years later by Britain. France launched its *force de frappe* in 1960. By the time China entered the exclusive club in 1964, the three oldest members were already looking for ways to close the door on any more and ban nuclear testing. One solution was the 1968 nuclear nonproliferation treaty. The nuclear powers agreed to seek arms control and refrain from transferring nuclear weapons to nations without them. The nuclear powers were also obliged to share the peaceful uses of atomic energy with the nonnuclear bloc.

From the start, the treaty was plagued with problems. France and China refused to sign. Even today, with 114 signatories, there are some notable holdouts, including such potential members of the nuclear club as Pakistan and South Africa. Israel, thought to have bombs already, also would not sign.

For a decade after China's entry, the membership of the club remained unchanged, and the proliferation threat seemed to subside. But India jolted the world back to reality by exploding a "peaceful" nuclear device in 1974. The old anxiety about the spread of fissile materials had returned, but with a new dimension. India's blast proved that the peaceful atom used in experimental research reactors and as a power source could easily be diverted, whatever the safeguards, to build an atomic bomb. At about the same time, world oil prices began to rocket upward. To many nations, nuclear reactors seemed to be a ready panacea for energy ills. Japan and industrialized nations in Western Europe developed a brisk trade selling nuclear hardware to developing nations that needed new power sources. The nuclear menace had spread worldwide in the guise of "atoms for peace."

After the Indian explosion, industrialized nations that traded in nuclear technology met secretly to try to control sensitive exports. But it took the Carter Administration to reinvigorate the faltering cause of nonproliferation. In 1977 the Administration called for strict limits on the manufacture and sale of fissile materials that could be used to build bombs. Western European nations that had moved ahead in atomic research objected, on the practical grounds that the plan hindered new technological advances that would make it possible to recycle nuclear fuel for peaceful purposes. The Administration was unable to stop West Germany from selling sophisticated equipment to Brazil, and it also failed to argue France out of sending sensitive nuclear exports to Iraq. Secretary of State Alexander Haig has criticized the Carter plan for "using blackmail against Germany and France by using threats to cut off uranium shipments." But even Carter found it difficult to live within the letter of the law. Fearing that India might turn to the Soviet Union for nuclear fuel, the U.S. sold uranium to New Delhi last year.

"Baby Booms"

The Reagan Administration is still mulling over a policy of its own to decrease the spread of nuclear weapons as the doomsday clock ticks on. The number of nations that are close to mastering bomb technology is expected to increase fivefold by the end of the decade. With the help of sophisticated Western European reactors, Argentina could produce the first Latin American bomb. Taiwan and South Korea already have the skills to make their own, but have pulled out of the arms race because of intense U.S. pressure, a decision they may reverse if they are threatened some day by their Communist neighbors. Possessing both extensive uranium reserves and a home-grown process for enriching atomic fuel, South Africa is poised to become its continent's first nuclear power. Pakistan could produce what is known as the "Islamic bomb."

Adding to the concern about the mushrooming nuclear club is the fear of a multiplier effect: nuclear know-how or weapons-grade fuel might eventually pass secondhand to nations in volatile regions of the world or to international terrorists. Princeton Physicist Theodore Taylor, one-time atom bomb designer, says the procedure for making the weapon is so widely known that a terrorist might be able to build one in a few weeks using purloined plutonium.

To control the shipment of nuclear materials, the IAEA negotiated the 1980 Convention on the Physical Protection of Nuclear Material, which provides security guidelines for the handling of fissile materials and sets forth methods of international cooperation to recover stolen nuclear fuel. But can anything really be done to stop nuclear proliferation? As the Carter Administration learned from the crisis over selling uranium to India, strategic and political concerns work mightily against shutting down the "plutonium economy." But it can still be checked. One approach might be to give international controls more power. In order to get laggards to subscribe to the nonproliferation treaty, nuclear suppliers could agree to give preferential treatment to nations willing to accept safeguards for the use of atomic energy.

Such a step would require more resolve than the major nuclear powers have shown so far. Said former Secretary of State Henry Kissinger last week: "The first group that has to get together [is composed of] those who spread nuclear technology—the industrialized countries." Kissinger argued that these nations should stop competing with one another for nuclear sales. Whatever else it did, Israel last week violently underscored that point to the world. —*By John Kohan. Reported by Frank Melville/London and Roberto Suro/Washington*

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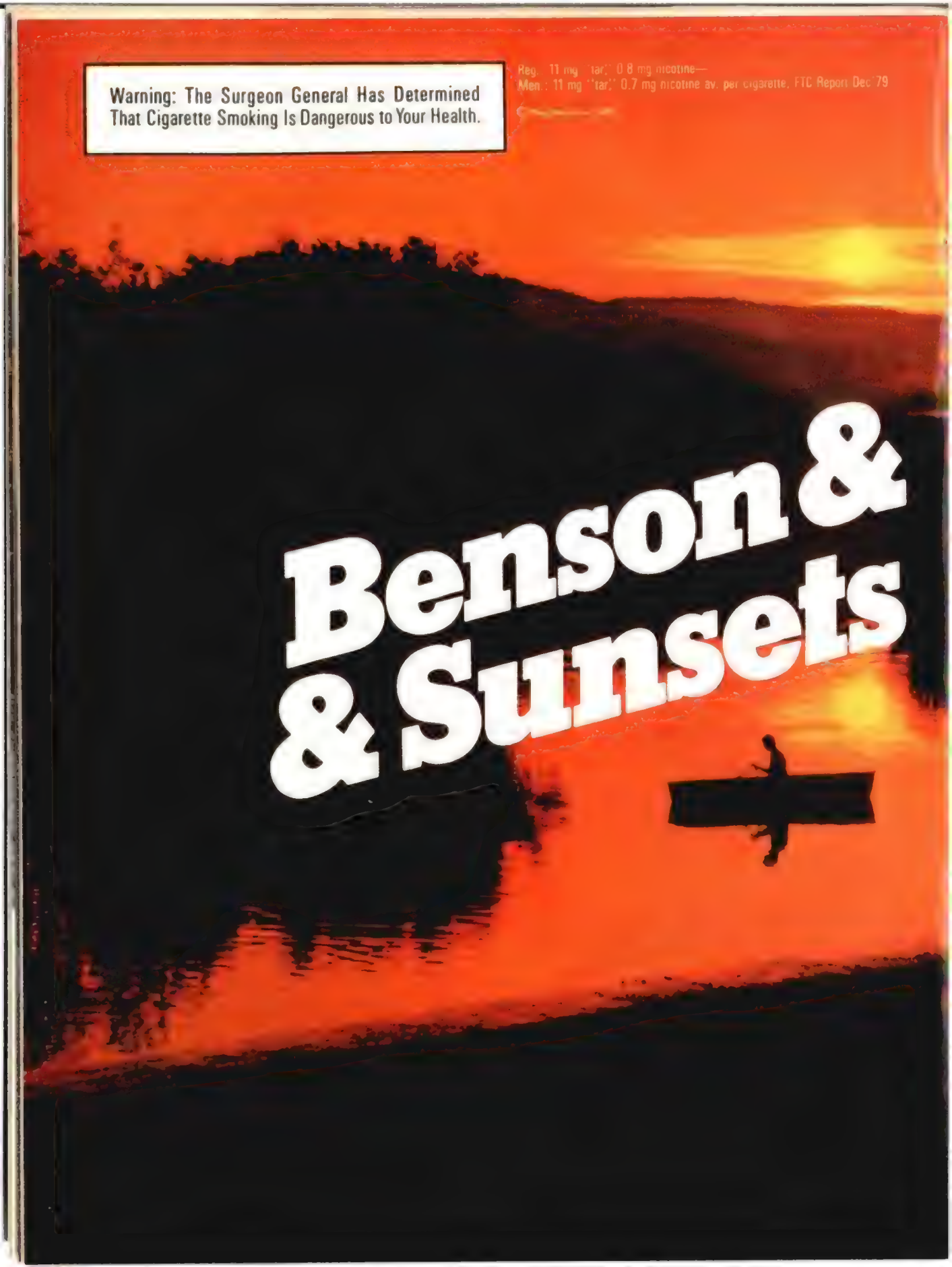
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A Message from Moscow

Renewal survives a Soviet challenge and a factional fight

When Polish Communist Party Secretary Stanislaw Kania took the floor last week to open an emergency Central Committee plenum in Warsaw, he faced one of the gravest challenges to confront the leader of a Soviet client state. Three days earlier, the Polish party had received its latest warning from a Soviet Central Committee increasingly disturbed over the course of Poland's "socialist renewal." The near ultimatum to the Poles came in the form of a toughly worded letter that, for the first time, criticized by name both Kania and Premier Wojciech Jaruzelski. The Soviet threat, similar to one sent to the Czechoslovaks three days before Soviet tanks moved into Prague in 1968, exacerbated an open rift within the Polish Central Committee and elicited a stern warning to the Soviets from U.S. Secretary of State Alexander Haig. The U.S., said Haig, holds "the firm view that the Polish people should be left alone to determine their future course." Only a compromise decision not to bring matters to a head allowed Kania to defuse the immediate crisis and buy some time.

The hastily called Polish Central Committee meeting was the fifth such session since last summer's strikes led to the formation of the Solidarity trade union movement and to the party upheavals that brought Kania to power. From that time on, the Polish party leadership has given way before a reformist tide that has resulted in official recognition both for Solidarity and for an independent farmers' union. It has also led to the democratic election of delegates to a Communist Party congress next month that is expected to ratify the reforms.

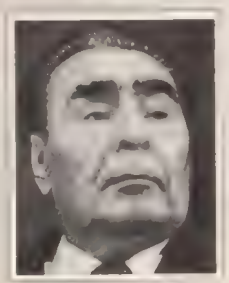
While renewal has the backing of most party members—and of the population as a whole—it also has formidable opponents. At every Central Committee session, Kania and moderate supporters have had to slug it out with influential, pro-Soviet hard-liners who fear that their power and prerogatives, and possibly their very jobs, will be swept away by the reforms.

This made last week's 1,700-word letter from Moscow all the more troubling for Kania, whose regime had enjoyed two months of relative calm. The letter chastised Kania and Jaruzelski for not taking "practical measures" to combat the rising "counterrevolutionary threat" to party and country. "The enemies of socialist Poland," the letter asserted, "are waging a struggle for power and are already winning it. They are gaining control of one position after another." The Soviets were particularly upset that "enemies of socialism and counterrevolutionaries" had "seized control of the mass information media," were engaging in "attempts to slander and disorganize the security forces and the army" and had instigated "a wave of anti-Communism and anti-Sovietism." Even more galling was the situation within the Polish party. "Casual people," said the letter, were being elected delegates to the party congress, while "experienced activists" were being "shunted aside." Moscow's conclusion: "The serious danger hanging over socialism in Poland constitutes a threat to the very existence of an independent Polish state"—the closest Moscow has yet come to an open threat of armed intervention.

In a carefully balanced speech, Kania acknowledged that the Soviets' alarm was "fully justified" and admitted that many of the letter's criticisms were warranted. He also lashed out at what he called a "dirty wave of anti-Sovietism and anti-Communism" in Poland, citing in particular a recent spate of "barbarous acts" of vandalism against Soviet war memorials. Finally, he agreed that "editorial

When Big Brother Writes

Last week's letter from the Soviet Communist Party Central Committee to its Polish counterpart was a graphic and forbidding message, couched in the distinct language of Communist doublespeak. To understand the Soviets' criticisms and quarrels with Poland's "socialist renewal," opposite words must, in the fashion of George Orwell's Nineteen Eighty-Four, *be substituted: for "free and independent," read subservient; for "counterrevolution" read reform and democratization; and for "protection of the socialist commonwealth" read intervention by Warsaw Pact forces. Excerpts from the letter, as translated by the New York* Times:



Soviet Leader Brezhnev

Dear Comrades:

The Central Committee of the Communist Party addresses you out of a feeling of great anxiety for the fate of socialism in Poland, for Poland as a free and independent state . From the first days of [your] crisis, we deemed it important that the [Polish] party decisively resist attempts by the enemies of socialism to take advantage of [your] difficulties. But this has not been done at all. Constant concessions to antisocialist forces and their demands have led to a retreat by the Polish party, step by step, under pressure of domestic counterrevolution.

If the worst came to pass, if Poland no longer benefited from the protection of the socialist commonwealth, it would fall immediately into the greedy hands of imperialism. And who would then guarantee the independence, the sovereignty, the borders of Poland as a state? No one.

Respected comrades, we are not guided solely by our concern over the situation of fraternal Poland, or the conditions and future prospects for Soviet-Polish cooperation. To no less an extent, we are disturbed by the fact that the offensive by antisocialist enemy forces in Poland threatens the interests of our entire commonwealth and the security of its borders—yes, our common security. The Polish party thus not only bears a historic responsibility for the fate of its own country; comrades, you also bear an enormous responsibility for the common interests of the socialist commonwealth.

Polish Party Boss Kania

We believe that there is still a possibility of staving off the worst. What is needed now is to mobilize all the healthy forces in society to combat counterrevolution. This requires, first of all, a revolutionary will within the party, among its militants and its leadership. Time will not wait.

We wish to assure you, dear comrades, that, in these difficult days, the [Soviet] Central Committee, all Soviet Communists and the entire Soviet nation are in solidarity with your struggle. Our point of view has been expressed with precision in the statement of Comrade L. Brezhnev at the Soviet Party's 26th Congress: "We shall not let socialist Poland be harmed, and we shall not abandon a fraternal country in distress."

discipline" in the press had slipped, a reference to greatly eased censorship. Despite the bow to Moscow, Kania left no doubt about his commitment to the renewal process, and he stressed that Poland had been enjoying relative labor peace of late. Indeed, a two-hour warning strike called by Solidarity was postponed last week, thanks to last-minute union-government negotiations.

As other speakers succeeded the secretary on the podium during two days of stormy debate, it became clear that the Soviet letter had provoked a full-scale factional fight between Kania's moderates and the pro-Soviet hard-line factions. Several Central Committee members openly called for personnel changes in the Politburo, and Tadeusz Grabski, chief spokesman for the hard-liners, challenged Kania personally. Said he: "The Politburo under the leadership of Kania cannot lead the country out of the crisis." Others came to Kania's defense. Deputy Premier Mieczyslaw Rakowski, in charge of government-union relations, said the current policies were the only way to social peace.

Jaruzelski

In an unprecedented move, Kania and some of his Politburo colleagues dramatically called for individual votes of confidence from the 141 Central Committee members on the issue of their leadership. The vote never came. Unwilling to push a leadership fight to the finish at this point, the committee instead voted to reject the proposal. "If we did change the party leadership today," said Alternate Politburo Member Roman Ney, "the party and society would take it as a change enforced by our allies, as a departure from socialist renewal."

Jaruzelski moved to bolster his government at week's end by reshuffling five Cabinet portfolios. The major casualty was Justice Minister Jerzy Bafia, whose slow-moving investigation of a police attack on Solidarity workers at Bydgoszcz last March had angered the union's activists.

The Central Committee meeting closed with a pledge to address the Soviets' key concerns. While affirming the commitment to the "process of renewal," the committee's final resolution promised a "re-evaluation of journalistic cadres" —signaling a probable purge of journalists —and called for the forces of public order to crack down on open dissent. The resolution also labeled political strikes "inadmissible." On this last point, even Solidarity Leader Lech Walesa was moved to agree, telling workers at a Warsaw auto plant that "we [Solidarity] do not exist to change the government or to engage in political activities." It remains to be seen how aggressively the party's pledges will be carried out. The Poles have found ways to circumvent the wishes of their Soviet mentors before. —*By Sara Medina.*

Reported by Richard Hornik / Vienna

BRITAIN

Royal Scare

Six blanks fired at Elizabeth

Britain's Queen Elizabeth II made an easy target: dressed in a scarlet uniform, mounted on her charger Burmese and followed by her husband Prince Philip and her son Prince Charles, the Queen, 55, was leading 1,000 troops of her Guards division down London's Mall. The royal family was bound for the huge open ground of the Horse Guards Parade for the annual ceremony of the Trooping the Color in honor of the monarch's official birthday. Suddenly, as millions of television viewers looked on, six shots rang out. The Queen's horse reared. She looked pale and shaken as she fought to control him, turning back to see whether Prince Philip and Prince Charles were all right. But none of the shots found a mark—all were blanks. The Queen, quickly recovering her poise, continued on her way, smiling at the crowds and at Prince Philip, who spurred his horse forward to ride beside her. The ceremony went on.

Sarjeant seized

Police quickly grabbed Marcus Simon Sarjeant, 17, an unemployed youth from a small town near Dover, and charged him with "wilfully discharging at the Queen blank cartridges with intent to alarm her." Despite fears that the shooting was some kind of warning from the Irish Republican Army, the action may merely have been a protest against the lack of jobs for young Britons. An official spokesman acknowledged that there would probably be a "re-examination of security" for next month's royal wedding, which might take some of the festivity out of the occasion. ■

ITALY

Forlani Gives Up

The scandal proves too much

For 17 days, Arnaldo Forlani had tried to resolve Italy's latest political crisis as if the scandal that caused it could be ignored. Last week he gave up the effort to find enough support among five political parties to succeed himself as the leader of Italy's 41st government in 35 years. Italians thus settled in for a prolonged period of political paralysis brought on by allegations that a 953-member secret Masonic group, the P2 Lodge, included some of the nation's political, military and business elite—and three of Forlani's Cabinet ministers. Police have accused some members of the lodge of offenses such as espionage, tax fraud, illegal currency dealings, even planning to undermine the state. Christian Democrat Forlani knew that his bid to form a new government was hopeless when he was told by Giovanni Spadolini, leader of the small but respected Republican Party, that an essential preliminary to forming a new Cabinet was "to shed full light on the P2 affair, to take all necessary measures needed to dissolve the lodge, center of pollution of national life, secret, perverse and corrupting."

Surprisingly, it was Spadolini, 56, a former political science professor and journalist with a reputation for rectitude, who was chosen by President Sandro Pertini as the next candidate for Prime Minister—only the third non-Christian Democrat in 35 years asked to form a government. The first two failed. Despite the esteem in which he is held, he was not given a much better chance to succeed than Forlani. Whatever the outcome, though, the new mandate virtually guaranteed that the crisis would drag on, as repercussions from the Masonic affair shake the nation's Establishment.

Until now, arrest warrants have been issued for only two people: P2 Lodge Grand Master Licio Gelli, who fled the country and is believed to be in Uruguay, and Colonel Antonio Viezzer, former head of a government intelligence service, who has been detained. But there was little doubt that other arrests will follow. Colonel Luciano Rossi of the Treasury Police shot and killed himself June 5 after accusations that he had passed state secrets to Gelli. The next day, onetime Minister of Foreign Trade Gaetano Stammati was admitted under an assumed name to a Milan hospital after suffering a heart attack. Listed as a lodge member, Stammati had been questioned about huge payoffs on oil deals with Saudi Arabia.

Rome magistrates have so far advised 260 officials on the P2 list that they are being investigated. Fifteen of Italy's top generals and admirals have "gone on vacation," a euphemism for temporary suspension, because they were named as lodge members. If all officials said to be linked to P2 are suspended from duty, as one government committee recommends, two Cabinet ministers, three under secretaries, 136 members of the armed forces and police and 54 high civil servants would have to take a holiday.

Spadolini

In the meantime, a three-man parliamentary commission is to determine whether the P2 Lodge was indeed a secret organization and therefore illegal under the constitution. Some 520 other Masonic lodges exist legally in Italy; their membership lists are available to police on request. The authorities are moving slowly to establish a firm legal footing from which to deal with the ramifications of the Masonic affair. The political consequences are just beginning to be felt. ■

Theater

The fur starts to fly: Dancer Wayne Sleep leads the revels in a celebration of "the mystical divinity of unashamed felinity"

Going to London to See the Queen?

Catch a nine-lively musical called Cats

"Well, the theater's certainly not what it was," growls old Gus the backstage cat in *Cats*, the nine-liveliest entertainment in London or anywhere. If they cannot get in to see this new Andrew Lloyd Webber musical, Americans visiting London this summer to sample the royal wedding hoopla and the glories of the English-speaking stage may be tempted to agree with gloomy Gus. Scanning the local entertainment guide, one finds seven Broadway musicals, from *Oklahoma!* to *The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas*, as well as several plays (*Amadeus, Translations, The Elephant Man*) that are old news back home, and of course, the usual West End sex farces. Of the two major repertory theaters, the National is coasting with revivals of Shaw, Molière and Pinter, and the Royal Shakespeare is just concluding the third and "final" run of its 8 ½-hour triumph, *Nicholas Nickleby*.

Itinerant theatergoers are advised to be patient. If the 1981 London season is not vintage, it has pleasures enough to satisfy a variety of tastes. Tom Conti's turn in the Neil Simon hit *They're Playing Our Song* may qualify as musical slummery for the gifted star of stage (*Whose Life Is It Anyway?*) and the small screen (*The Norman Conquests*), but it is a joy to watch him high step his way through the role, all the while speaking in a New York City accent he must have picked up from watching Laurence Olivier's cantor in *The Jazz Singer*. *In Duet for One*, a drama about a violinist stricken with multiple sclerosis, Frances de la Tour guides her character from genteel resignation through eloquent anger to the brink of suicide. Penelope Keith, also in *The Norman Conquests*, is reason enough to see a domestic comedy called *Moving*; she navigates the play's low-level turbulence like a serene Lady Blimp.

Even a failure—the West End's most ambitious failure—contrives to entertain while it exasperates. In *Goose Pimples*, Mike Leigh's incendiary comedy, we are introduced to four members of England's upper working class, who have money but no style, or, rather, their idea of style is a slimy amalgam of conspicuous consumption and xenophobic conservatism. The early view is appallingly funny as a slice of high-gloss low life, but by the end of the evening, a few laughs at the expense of a Saudi Arabian businessman have turned into a *Virginia Woolf*–style Walpurgisnacht—an endless orgy of humiliation. *Goose Pimples* is strong, rancid meat for London theatergoers. Considering its repulsive characters, the play might have been called *Creeps*.

Disintegration in the celebrity spotlight is the theme of a modest, moving piece, *Hank Williams: The Show He Never Gave*. Williams, the country singer responsible for such hits as *Your Cheatin' Heart, Jambalaya, Half as Much* and *Hey, Good Lookin'*, was a prototype of the doomed, dark star: drink and drugs sent him on an inevitable trajectory to death at 29 in 1953. Maynard Collins' play is conceived as Williams' last concert, in which he performs 22 of his songs while telling his version of an entertainer's life and self-inflicted hard times. As the performance progresses, and Hank periodically darts offstage for a "glass of milk," he becomes more surly, maudlin, fatalistic. His life is crumbling; he knows it and, trouper to the end, makes a slambang show out of it. So does Carl Chase, who plays Williams. He does not look like Hank; he does not sound much like him. But through craft or luck or force of will, he becomes Williams. The competition is tough, but Chase is giving what may be the finest, fiercest performance on the London stage this summer.

Chase, Conti and Keith are one-man bands strutting their magnetic stuff; but it is in ensemble work that the London stage shines. In directing *Nicholas Nickleby*, Trevor Nunn juggled 43 actors in 138 speaking parts to create the propulsive bustle of Dickens' London. Now he and Choreographer Gillian Lynne have brought an informed anarchy to Andrew Lloyd Webber's musical settings for T.S. Eliot's exercise in whimsy and social satire, *Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats*. When it appeared in 1939, *Practical Cats* comprised 14 poems; Valerie Eliot, the poet's widow, discovered others, which have been incorporated into the production, and notes that suggested a structure and a setting. John Napier, the show's designer, has transformed the New London Theater into a giant playground for cats, cluttered with trash cans, an auto carcass, bicycles and tires.

He is the only one in the theater who would even bother to try. Here is a show that puts meaning back into the phrase "all singing, all dancing." The show's 30 members are almost always in view and forever on the move: prowling through the junk, licking themselves

and leapfrogging one another, prancing down the aisles. Compared with these athletic toms and tabbies, the companies of most Broadway musicals seem positively inert.

Eliot cast most of his *Cats* verses in the ricky-ticky septameter that served lyricists from Gilbert to Kipling to Lear. The challenge to Lloyd Webber was to compose a score that did not sound like outtakes from *The Pirates of Penzance*. Because of this metrical restriction, Lloyd Webber could not have matched the profligate melodiousness of his score for *Evita* if he had tried. He has not; he works mostly in the loud Europop vein, hurling his listeners up against the caterwaul. But he has penned a splendid processional, all pomp and circumference, for Brian Blessed as Old Deuteronomy, the group's sage and patriarch. For Elaine Paige, who was the original West End Evita and here plays a tattered cat of the evening named Grizabella, Lloyd Webber wrote the show's first hit single, a melancholy bolero called *Memory*.

Carl Chase

But *Cats* has more in mind than presenting a kitty *Chorus Line*. It means to investigate "the mystical divinity of unashamed felinity." In the second act, *Cats* turns ruminative, elegiac and theatrically spectacular. Old Gus (Steven Tate), who had wheezed his disapproval of life onto the current stage, suddenly metamorphoses into his dream role of Growltiger, a samurai pirate cat—and the playground bursts into a kaleidoscope of colorful costumes and Kabuki gymnastics. Rum Tum Tugger, the cool cat of rock (Paul Nicholas), tells the story of magical Mr. Mistoffelees (Royal Ballet Dancer Wayne Sleep), who displays twisting, spiraling, pirouetting feats of legerdepied. Finally, Old Deuteronomy bestows a rare gift on the down-and-out Grizabella: a tenth life. The stage becomes misty, an otherworldly light suffuses the theater, a giant tire rises eerily above the pussylanimous crowd, and Grizabella ascends, reborn and apotheosized, "up up up past the Russell Hotel, up up up to the Heaviside layer." This is heaven for cats and a stunning, vertiginous climax for the show.

Since its May opening, *Cats* has been London's hottest ticket. The show's composer and director plan to visit New York City soon to entertain bids for a Broadway version of *Cats* from some of the same angels who thought the project too risky to invest in when it needed funds a few months ago. So the Prince of Wales and his bride-to-be are not the only British couple who have reason to smile these days. Catch Lloyd Webber or Nunn off-guard, and you are likely to see a mile-wide Cheshire-cat grin. —*By Richard Corliss*

More Talleys

A TALE TOLD
by Lanford Wilson

Many writers have focused on a place, a time or a family. But few have been so specific—or so obsessed—as Lanford Wilson is in his saga of the Talley family of Lebanon, Mo. *Talley's Folly* took place on July 4, 1944, and *Fifth of July* opened on the same night, 33 years later. Now the third of the series, which began a three-week run off-Broadway last week, returns to Independence Day 1944, with the action of *A Tale Told* supposedly unfolding at the same time as that of *Talley's Folly*. While Matt Friedman and Sally Talley, the hero and heroine of that earlier play, are trysting down by the boathouse—unseen here, of course—the rest of the Talleys are in the big house up the hill, demonstrating as best they can that hate is as strong a bond as love.

Buddy (Timothy Shelton), one of the two Talley sons, has been granted a 72-hour leave from the Italian campaign to be with his apparently dying grandfather, the senile patriarch of the clan (Fritz Weaver). Buddy's wife Olive (Patricia Wettig) and his mother (Helen Stenborg) are busy preparing Christmas dinner—to make up for the one Buddy missed in December; and his Aunt Charlotte (Elizabeth Sturges) is sitting by herself, uttering bitter and angry comments about everyone and everything, as usual. Though only her brother, Buddy's father (Michael Higgins), knows it, Charlotte is dying of cancer. Asleep, unheard and unseen in a bedroom is Olive and Buddy's daughter June, who will be one of the chief characters of *Fifth of July* along with her yet-to-be-brother Kenneth.

The Talleys exude homespun Americanism, right down to the two stars in the window, which indicate two men at war: Buddy's younger brother Timmy is a Marine fighting in the central Pacific. Behind the cornbread and strawberry-jam façade, however, is a cancer: the founder of the fortune, who cannot even control his own bodily functions, has wrapped his legacy in black shrouds of suspicion and hostility, with vicious attacks on his daughter Charlotte and her brother. Soon it becomes clear that the old man is neither dying nor senile—just mean.

Unfortunately, that is about all that *A Tale Told* does make clear. *Talley's Folly* was a slight but charming romance, a one-act waltz for two characters. *Fifth of July*, which is still running on Broadway, is the hilarious but moving story of the Talleys today, with Kenneth, the inheritor of that big house, coming to terms with the fact that he left both legs behind in Viet Nam. But the newest play, which should have been the first, chronologically, just meanders, with no discernible destination. A telegram announces the death of Timmy, for instance, and Timmy's ghost (David Ferry) appears onstage to explain in interminable detail how he was blown to pieces on Saipan. Shakespeare pulled the same corny trick in *Hamlet*, but his ghost had a purpose. Wilson's does not.

Indeed, the only thing that is obvious in this well-directed, well-acted play is that Lanford Wilson is a very talented writer. His dialogue is sharp, and his characters have color and life: he just does not know what he wants them to do and where he wants them to go. The Talleys continue to fascinate, however. Perhaps they will return to celebrate another Fourth of July. —*By Gerald Clarke*

Patricia Wettig and Michael Higgins trying to revive Fritz Weaver, the patriarch of the clan
Shrouds of suspicion and hostility behind a façade of cornbread and strawberry jam.

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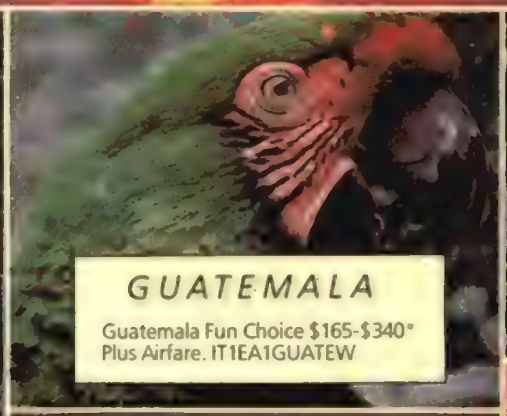

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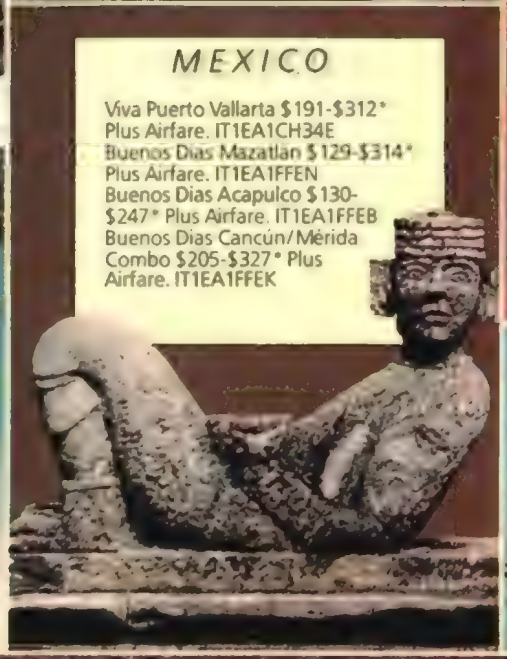

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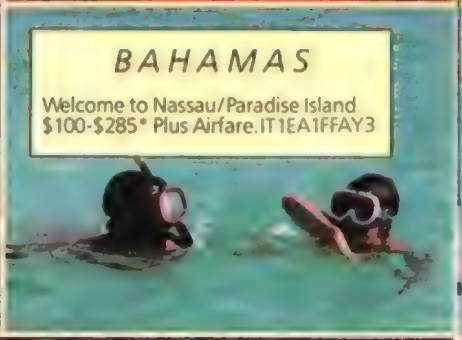

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OLYMPUS

Baseball Heads for the Showers

The owners balk, the players walk and the fans squawk

Precisely at 1:35 p.m. C.D.T., starting time for last Friday's game between the Chicago Cubs and the visiting San Diego Padres, the stands at Wrigley Field were empty. A few hours later, when games were scheduled to begin at other big league ballparks across the U.S., no fans showed up. After nearly two years of acrimonious bargaining between team owners and the Players Association, major league baseball was shut down by a strike, a month short of the season's midpoint. Though the players had walked out just before the start of the 1972 season, last week's strike marked the first in which the sport had been interrupted after a season was under way.

Fans across the country were dismayed. The rituals of baseball are a mainstay of American life, and some lifelong habits were disrupted by the strike. Said Lester Wilson, an optometrist from East Point, Ga.: "An old man like me, baseball's all I get a kick out of. I'm sick about it. I won't have anything to do at night."

The strike was the final twist in a long and complicated battle between the men who play baseball and the men who own it. The roots of the conflict lie in a 1975 decision in a case brought by former Los Angeles Dodgers Pitcher Andy Messersmith and Baltimore Orioles Pitcher Dave McNally challenging baseball's reserve clause. Under that 92-year-old provision, a player had been bound to the club that initially signed him until he was traded or quit the game. When an arbitrator (and later an appeals court) ruled in favor of the players, the free-agent era began. Players who completed their contracts were free to offer their services to the highest bidder. The first free-agent re-entry draft was held the following fall. Reggie Jackson came away the big winner, signing a five-year contract at a reported $3 million with the New York Yankees.

In subsequent contract negotiations between the Players Association and the owners, the players agreed to limit free-agent status to those who had spent at least six years in the big leagues (the average major league tenure is slightly more than four years). The players also agreed to give a team that loses an athlete to free agency one of his new club's picks in the annual draft of amateur players. Even with these limitations, free-agent bidding quickly soared into the stratosphere, and owners found themselves throwing millions at sore-armed pitchers and journeyman outfielders. The owners' solution: force the big spenders to give up a working big leaguer, not an untried amateur, whenever they signed a free agent.

On that issue, the negotiations foundered. To maintain competitive balance, the owners argued, clubs had to receive a player comparable in stature to the departing free agent. Under their proposal, a team that signed a free agent would be allowed to exempt 15 players from its major and minor league rosters; the player's original team would be able to pick a compensatory player from those who remained.

The players argue that such a requirement would drastically limit their movement on the open market; 15 players, they point out, constitute merely the starting lineup, the pitching rotation and a pair of relievers on a major league roster of 25 men. The players contend that teams forced to pay such a high player tax would be unwilling to bid for all but a select few free agents. Said Philadelphia's Pete Rose, who left Cincinnati two years ago when the Phillies offered him a reported $3.5 million for four years: "I was 38 when I played out my option with the Reds, and they didn't want to offer me a contract because I was too old. I would never have had a chance to play today if it hadn't been for the free-agent system."

In his final game before the strike, Rose, now 40, tied former St. Louis Cardinal Slugger Stan Musial for the alltime National League record for base hits at 3,630. Rose's quest is but one casualty of the strike. Baseball was off to one of its biggest years ever. Attendance through the first week in June was 13,758,214, *vs.* 12,773,367 last year and 9,289,799 in 1975. Tight pennant races were thrilling fans in all four divisions. A crop of dazzling young rookies—notably Dodger Pitcher Fernando Valenzuela and Montreal Expos Leftfielder Tim Raines—found their brief careers jarringly brought to a halt. What's more, the players' salaries will be docked for each day they remain on strike. Rose, for example, will lose more than $5,000 a game.

Expos' Cromartie in locker room and Phillies' Lyle leaving park

Some headed for trout streams; others went home to play with the kids

The owners, who faced self-imposed fines if they spoke publicly about the negotiations, refused comment on why the talks collapsed. But they were prepared for a lengthy walkout. clubs had been contributing a percentage of gate receipts to a strike fund for two seasons, and $50 million in strike insurance had been taken out through Lloyds of London

The players were just as resolute—and more outspoken. Said Yankee Rightfielder Reggie Jackson: "I won't get anything out of a strike. But how do I tell [centerfielder] Jerry Mumphrey or [catcher] Rick Cerone or [pitcher] Ron Guidry that he can't have the same opportunity I had, that now that I've made my money, it's all right to change the free-agent rule?"

Talks were set to resume this week, but many players headed for far-off beaches and trout streams. Said Baltimore's Ken Singleton: "I'm taking my kids to the zoo." A few expressed regret about the effect of the strike on the fans. "I don't think there's a single player on this club who wants to go on strike," said Oakland Designated Hitter Cliff Johnson. "Baseball's such a great game. I hope it doesn't deteriorate in the fans' minds."

Johnson may be onto something. The greatest casualty of the strike, no matter what its outcome, may not be the owners or the players or even the fans, but the national pastime. Baseball and summer, after all, were invented for each other. Over the past century, Americans have not had to worry too much about how to fill those sultry days and lengthy evenings. Now they will drift away from the ballparks and the TV sets and find other pursuits. No one can be sure how many will be back.

—By B.J. Phillips

Why the new J-cars may drive you to a Rabbit.

The General Motors J-cars are here, and we're delighted. We really are, and here's why:

In the first place, we're flattered. After all, the biggest car company in the world has just tried very hard to imitate a lot of the things that made our Rabbit famous.

And in the second place, we're still in first place when you compare their features and prices with ours.

Of course, you could say we have an unfair advantage. Because we've been making Rabbits (in Europe and the U.S.) much longer than they've been making J-cars. So we've had years of experience with the Rabbit features that you'll find in the J-cars:

Front-wheel drive, dual diagonal brakes, and independent rear suspension, to name a few.

We've also had years of experience with features you won't find in the J-cars. Like our diesel option. And fuel injection. And 5-speed transmission.

The Original.

But it's the way our features work that makes our Rabbit work:

The Rabbit's quick. It shifts crisply. The steering cuts accurately. The fuel injection gives good throttle response. And we could go on.

But we'd rather have you go out and compare their car's actual performance and features with Rabbit's.

Then, compare the price of any Rabbit with the J-car's lowest price.

If you do that, you'll be impressed. And you'll also learn one important fact:

A J-car may be designed like a Rabbit.

But only a Rabbit is a Rabbit.

VW Rabbit
Practice makes perfect.

People

Brown, serving out his two-day term as foreman, with jury mates

Having signed a bill nixing exemptions from jury duty on the basis of certain types of employment, **Jerry Brown,** 43, could hardly cop a plea when called to spend some time in the box himself. So last week, with about 30 reporters and photographers, half a dozen plainclothesmen and several aides in tow, the California Governor became plain ole Citizen Brown and trooped into a Sacramento courtroom. Elected foreman, he announced a unanimous "not guilty" verdict on the misdemeanor charge being heard. Were his box mates hesitant to disagree with him? "No," said Sacramento Housewife Anna Holmes, 58, "I've disagreed with him before."

■

If Los Angeles Dodger Pitching Ace **Fernando Valenzuela,** 20, looked confused, it may simply have been that like some Washington Senators, he was wondering whether Ambassador to Mexico **John Gavin,** 49, a former actor, had a good grip on the situation. The Mexican-born Valenzuela certainly knows every stitch on a baseball, as his 9-4 record attests. At the White House, where he helped welcome visiting Mexican President **José López Portillo,** the beer-fueled screwballer seemed to wish he were high and outside. Said Valenzuela: "All this attention doesn't bother me. I have four days of rest between games, so I don't have much to do."

Valenzuela eyeballs Gavin's grip

Sculptor Pearson giving Lady Di the Tussaud's treatment

Loren primping after winning top prizes at the fragrance awards

Draped in a most unladylike damp cloth, the gray clay figure looked more like Aphrodite rising from the sea than the future Queen of England. But the royal figure of **Lady Diana Spencer,** 19, will be appropriately demure by the time it joins the waxed likenesses of **Prince Charles,** 32, her husband-to-be, at London's famed Madame Tussaud's. A plaster mold was made of Sculptor **Muriel Pearson's** feat of clay, from which a wax figure is being shaped; later it will be colored and dressed. The Di will be cast shortly before the royal wedding on July 29.

■

The face? Aaah. The figure? Oooh. She's even winning raves for the fragrance. **Sophia Loren,** 46, who teamed up with the Coty cosmetics company last fall and launched a new line of perfumes, saw her scent named Sophia take top honors at last week's Fragrance Foundation Recognition Awards. La Loren, whose own ample lines were clearly the feature attraction, offered the ladies some advice. "You should put the perfume on the hot spots," said she. "I can tell you a few of those. But others—it's impossible."

■

Coming into the heavy weight-loss championship, the two opponents, both bestselling diet authors, were lean and mean. When the bell rang for their appearance on NBC's late-night *Tomorrow* show, **Dr. Robert Atkins** (*Dr. Atkins' Diet Book*) and **Nathan Pritikin** (*The Pritikin Program for Diet and Exercise*) spattered like fast-frying bacon. In the crossfire of insults and accusations, refereed by *Tomorrow* Co-Host **Tom Snyder,** 45, Pritikin, who advocates a low-cholesterol, high-exercise program, asserted that Atkins' high-fat, high-protein diet increased the chances of heart disease and certain cancers. After the taping, Atkins, 50, weighed in with the threat of a $5 million lawsuit against his opponent. Quips Pritikin, 65, of the high-fat *vs.* cholesterol controversy: "It's a real meat or potatoes issue."

—By E. Graydon Carter

On the Record

Georgia Frontiere, Los Angeles Rams owner, explaining why she fired Stepson **Steve Rosenbloom** as the team's vice president: "I didn't know where the money was going. Once I got a bill for $10,000. Steve had bought cowboy boots for all the players."

Min-Chueh Chang, 72, co-developer of the birth control pill, on one of its side effects: "I personally feel the Pill has rather spoiled young people. It's made them more permissive."

A Final Salute to Salyut 6

Lessons learned from the Soviet mobile home in the sky

The successful flight of the space shuttle *Columbia* did more than raise American spirits. It broke a Soviet monopoly. For nearly six years before *Columbia's* mission, earth orbit had been an exclusive Soviet preserve. Not a single U.S. astronaut flew in space during that period, while Soviet cosmonauts set one orbital endurance mark after another, finally reaching 185 days, more than twice the duration of America's longest Skylab mission. Most of this time was spent aboard a single Soviet spacecraft, a remarkable 20-ton mobile home in the sky called Salyut 6.

Launched nearly four years ago, the bulbous, beetle-shaped ship was the latest in a series named in "salute" to a Soviet folk hero, the late Yuri Gagarin, first man in space. Though weighing only about a quarter as much as Skylab, which came tumbling ignominiously back to earth in 1979, Salyut was durable and highly innovative in design. Among its technological features were two docking ports (to receive visiting spacecraft, including a new class of fully automated, unmanned supply ship) and large, winglike solar panels (to convert sunlight into electricity). Salyut carried myriad scientific and observational gear, notably a multispectral camera, telescopes for scanning the heavens, kilns for processing materials in zero-g atmosphere, even a small garden for growing plants in orbit.

The space station, as the Soviets liked to call it, had plenty of amenities for its occupants: 20 viewports, exercise machines for physical fitness and, for the first time in orbit, an on-board television receiver to help relieve the long hours of isolation. The monotony was also broken by the visits of other cosmonauts, who arrived in Soyuz ferry craft, the workhorses of the Soviet manned space effort. In addition to regular supplies, they carried mail, such special snacks as fresh borsch, strawberries and quail pâté, not to mention a guitar. Though Salyut was designed to last 18 months, it continues to function thanks to on-board repairs by the cosmonauts plus periodic shipments of fuel, food, water, air and equipment.

It was understandable then that Cosmonaut Vladimir Kovalyonok, 39, got a little sentimental last month when he and his rookie sidekick, Viktor Savinykh, 41, headed back to earth in an advanced Soyuz T spacecraft after 75 days in space. Theirs was the final visit of cosmonauts to Salyut, although it could be used for unmanned missions. The Soviets have indicated that they may dock an unmanned Cosmos satellite on Salyut soon, perhaps this week. After looking back at the ship for the last time, Kovalyonok rhapsodized: "It was so beautiful it gave my heart a pang."

For space scientists, the crucial question is what happened to Kovalyonok's heart—and the rest of his body—during his long stay in space. Sixteen teams of cosmonauts—including a Cuban, a Rumanian and other East bloc visitors—had docked with Salyut since September 1977, and all proclaimed themselves hale and hearty upon return. But if there was one major lesson from Salyut for both the Soviets and NASA, it is that, during extended spaceflights, the human body may be the most delicate machine of all.

Though images of cosmonauts and astronauts tumbling and frolicking in weightlessness suggest that the living is easy, Salyut showed that the body undergoes radical changes when freed from the influence of gravity. Some changes are so severe that they could imperil the lives of long-term space voyagers once they return to earth. Many observers of the U.S. space program, including scientists within NASA, feel that in contrast to the Soviets, the U.S. space agency has paid far too little attention to what happens to the human body during long periods in orbit.

Space station in orbit; ferry craft earth-bound

From the very start of the missions, the remarkable effects of zero-g became apparent to Soviet doctors. Life aboard Salyut proved far from salutary. In spite of prolonged training on the ground, many of the cosmonauts could not hold their food down in the early days of a flight. Some had trouble getting to sleep, and were often awakened by the spacecraft's clattering and creaking. Others complained of fatigue and vertigo. In a revealing new book, *Red Star in Orbit* (Random House; $12.95), James Oberg offers some trenchant quotes from the flight diary of Salyut Cosmonaut Valeri Ryumin, who in three trips spent just short of a year in space. Writes Ryumin of his shaky introduction to space travel: "Looking into the mirror I fail to recognize myself. I feel dizzy, nauseous. My movements lack coordination. I keep bumping into things, mostly with my head. Objects float away from my hands. Chaos in a teapot!"

Rumanian cosmonaut, center, visits with regular Salyut crew

Cosmonaut Viktor Savinykh tends orchid garden aboard space station

Despite guitar, quail pâté and borsch, problems in zero-g living.

Living aboard Salyut brought other hazards. In 1977, when Cosmonaut Georgi Grechko took a "space walk" outside the ship to look for some suspected damage, he suddenly saw his companion, Yuri Romanenko, drifting by. Romanenko, untethered to the spacecraft, had accidentally floated out of the cabin. Grechko caught Romanenko just as he was about to spin off into the void. On another flight, cosmonauts complained of repeated headaches. It turned out carbon dioxide was building up to dangerous levels in the cabin. The problem was solved by changing the air purifiers more often.

As the missions progressed, these initial problems usually disappeared, only to be replaced by more insidious ones. Normally, under the tug of the earth's gravity, the blood and other fluids pool in the legs. But in space, these fluids are distributed more evenly, in effect creating fluid surpluses in key areas like the heart. The body reacts swiftly. Apparently thinking it has more blood than it needs, it reduces production both of red blood cells and disease-fighting lymphocytes, making the space travelers more vulnerable to infections. (The cosmonauts found themselves spending more and more time scrubbing the spacecraft to curtail bacterial growth.) Such vital substances as sodium, potassium and calcium salts are lost from the body fluids. The muscles, no longer required to work against gravity, weaken dangerously, and at the same time bones begin to decalcify. Not until the cosmonauts step back on earth do they really experience the consequences of these changes. Then they find themselves overwhelmed by gravity. Every movement becomes a monumental labor, and their bodies seem to weigh a ton.

To counteract this perilous body atrophy, Soviet doctors devised a tough physical-fitness regimen. For at least an hour each morning and afternoon, Salyut cosmonauts had to run on a treadmill, operate an exercise bike and, to put stress on the muscles, wear stiff, elasticized "penguin suits" (so called because, if you wear one on the ground, you waddle). They also had to get into tight-fitting pants that applied pressure to the legs, forcing the heart to work harder in pumping blood through the lower body.

Grunting and sweating, the cosmonauts grumbled continually about these exertions. But the doctors back on earth, watching telemetered data (pulse and respiration rates, etc.) on the cosmonauts, would not let them off the exercise hook. That discipline paid off. Although there was inevitable fatigue after three or four months, some physical problems seemed to ease. The cosmonauts' heart-lung systems remained strong. Muscle tone was preserved. Possibly the loss of calcium from the bones tapered off as well, though American doctors who have been monitoring the Soviet data are not convinced of that. In any case, less than eight months after his 175-day flight in 1979, Ryumin was robust enough to be sent off on another visit to Salyut, which lasted 185 days without any apparent ill effects.

These lessons on how to stay healthy while working in space should benefit the Soviets and, indeed, all future spacefarers. The U.S.S.R. is expected to launch another, more complex Salyut as early as this fall, with at least three docking ports. It will probably be used as the core of a true space station, a collection of various modules permanently circling the earth with as many as twelve people on board for months at a time. By contrast, during U.S. space-shuttle flights, astronauts will stay in orbit for no more than a few weeks.

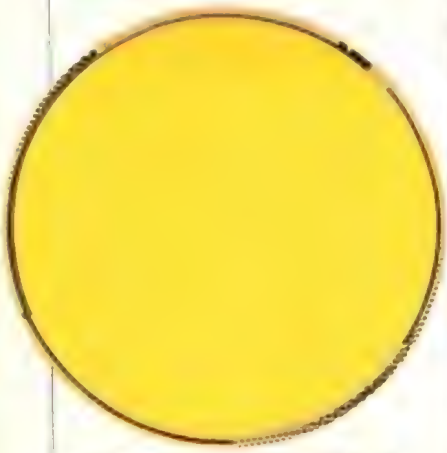
The Soviets' space city, or Cosmograd, as they grandly call it, could serve as a military observatory and zero-g space factory for manufacturing products such as highly pure drugs, new alloys, and crystals for electronic chips. Like the space shuttle, it could also be used to assemble ships in orbit for longer voyages, to the moon and perhaps even to Mars. —*By Frederic Golden. Reported by Jerry Hannifin/Washington*

Cosmonauts Savinykh and Vladimir Kovalyonok after return to earth

An All-American Mannerist

In St. Louis, the post-Pop stylizations of Roy Lichtenstein

Roy Lichtenstein was always the most cerebral of the Pop artists. Yet his images in the 1960s, taken from comic strips and ads—"I know how you must feel, Brad!" whispers the enormous girl's mouth to its exclusively art-world audience—were once rebuked for their dumbness, their lack of "real" art content. To mimic the processes of commercial art,



JOHN BEDENKAPP, DOUGLAS COURTNER, NEW YORK

Icy, elegant patterns: *Mirror #3*, 1971

to take a common image and replicate it on canvas, much larger, with hard-edged line and stenciled arrays of Ben Day dots in primary colors for shading: Could this be art? Is the Pope Catholic?

A good deal of the popularity of Pop art, as the late Harold Rosenberg pointed out some years ago, partook of "the astonishment of Molière's character on learning that he has been speaking prose" all his life. Suddenly, there was the commercial vernacular of America, that amniotic fluid in which every collector had been nurtured, right there on the museum wall. And the curious paradox was that, in Lichtenstein's case, the fluid—those cartoon images of teen-agers and Korean War jets—was transparent. After a while the imagery hardly got in the way at all, and Lichtenstein could be treated as a formalist much more readily than, say, Claes Oldenburg, with his gross impurities and gargantuan appetite for metaphor. A lot of Pop art owed something to surrealism. Lichtenstein's never did.

In the early 1970s, Lichtenstein was fond of quoting Matisse, that supreme artificer of images denoting calm and luxurious revery. Run through Lichtenstein's mill, however, the images lost this aura entirely, becoming stark, neutral or even disagreeable. The three fish in *Still Life with Goldfish*, 1972, a broad transcription from one of Matisse's still lifes of 60 years before, wear dyspeptic expressions and seem not at all pleased with the painting of a giant Lichtenstein golf ball on the wall behind them.

Enough time in the museum can wash almost any art clean, but Lichtenstein's work, always restrained, has by now reached what amounts to a trance of near mechanical decorum. It scarcely trespasses upon the world of feeling or lived experience. If the word academic means anything in relation to art today, it must apply to Lichtenstein's output: an *oeuvre* committed to the play of a given set of pictorial mannerisms, faultlessly sustained, often funny and always dryly intelligent, all of them directed toward reducing art to a sequence of predictable signs. *Anything* can be turned into a Lichtenstein by the application of those hard outlines, Ben Day dots and primary colors—not only comic strips, but Greek temples, mirrors, entablatures, still lifes and other people's paintings.

A large exhibition of the work from this all-American mannerist's post-Pop years is now on view at the St. Louis Art Museum, titled "Roy Lichtenstein, 1970-1980." The show will be traveling the museum circuit for years, from Seattle to Tokyo via New York, Fort Worth, Cologne, Florence, Paris and Madrid. Organized by Art Historian Jack Cowart, it contains 110 works that together give a good view of the march of Lichtenstein's stylizations.

PRIVATE COLLECTION

After Matisse: *Still Life with Goldfish*, 1972

The exhibit also provides a deftly culture-bound experience. Lichtenstein is nothing if not erudite, and to see him parodying established modern masterpieces (Matisse's *Red Studio*, or the cubist work of Picasso and Juan Gris, or Carlo Carrà's *Red Horseman*) is to see a very informed mind at work, particularly at obscure levels of parody. How, for instance, does one render the odd ambiguities and shifts of cubist or futurist painting in terms of this rigidly determinate dot-and-line style? Of course, it is not paintings but reproductions that Lichtenstein parodies; reproduction itself reduces art to dots, and by increasing the scale of that convention, Lichtenstein exposes it, reminding us that most of our experience of art is vicarious and based on print. Whether this point is worth making over and over again, at such length and great expense to collectors, seems moot—though not to Cowart, who detects in Lichtenstein's ability to apply his method an almost Picasso-like energy. "Tomorrow he could take Renaissance, Classical or other known subjects or, on the other hand, quickly invent a new vocabulary of images," Cowart writes in the catalogue. Perhaps, but would it matter? What one misses in a large proportion of the work on view in St. Louis is, simply, the sense of necessity—an engagement deeper than style.

PRIVATE COLLECTION

***Reclining Nude*, 1977: invoking a cartoonist's caricature of surrealist kitsch**

Often funny and always dryly intelligent, but a sequence of predictable signs.

Sometimes, rather surprisingly, it is there. In particular it seems to lurk in the *Mirrors*, a series of paintings Lichtenstein completed between 1970 and 1972. With their silvery surfaces, reflection lines and bevels and breaks in the light, which manage to function equally as pattern and as illusion (the mirror, in art, being one of the arenas in which both can live side by side), these paintings possess a ravishing formal elegance.

They are also more plainly invented than the works derived from print sources. We do not think of mirror reflections as having a style, and in that sense Lichtenstein's mirror paintings sidle closer to unmediated experience, and so indirectly to nature, than his other work. They also gather poignancy from the fact that they are empty. One gazes at them frontally, as at a real mirror, but nothing shows up in their superficial depths. The spectator is a phantom. These icy, imperturbable tondos and ovals may say more about the nature of Lichtenstein's imagination than anything he has painted since. What could convey better than a blank mirror his belief that exhibitions of the self are hateful in painting?

In recent years, Lichtenstein has been preoccupied not merely with parody, but with parodies of parody—paintings based on the cartoonist's view of modern art. There was once a "pop" view of surrealism, loosely derived from Dali and Arp and epitomized in the 1940s in such verses as:

On the pale yellow sands
There's a pair of clasped hands
And an eyeball entangled with string,
And a plate of raw meat,
And a bicycle seat,
And a Thing that is hardly a thing.

This is the caricature of surrealist kitsch that Lichtenstein invokes in paintings like *Reclining Nude*, 1977: one figure sporting Swiss-cheese holes à la Henry Moore, another in a stiff suit like a Magritte businessman, a Kandinsky-style squiggle here, an Arpish wiggle there, and so on.

In parodying the most recognizable traits of textbook modernism as reflected by its satirists, Lichtenstein may certainly be said to display a post-modernist sensibility; but what else is going on? Not, it appears, very much, and to call these paintings "visionary," as Cowart does, is to overrate them. Rather, they are grounded on a somewhat smug familiarity with the power of cliché. That, of course, is one dilemma of art education. In effect, Lichtenstein's show invites us to have the cake and eat it too—to see his work as part of a "heroic" historical continuum while deriding the clichés to which that continuum has been worn down. But this cannot divert the suspicion that, for all his manifest abilities as wit and designer, his art has become repetitious. —*By Robert Hughes*

Living

Snipping Away at Inflation

For many consumers, coupons and refunds are a way of life

EPOP 20 forms traded 1-4-1. No CO's, rebates, sweeps. Send wish list and one current qualifier 50 cents or over.

To an ever increasing number of Americans, such gobbledygook makes sense, dollars-and-cents sense. Typical of thousands of similar classified ads carried weekly by more than 100 specialized newsletters, the message signals to a dedicated legion of supermarket shoppers

A barrel of supermarket savings

With swaps, fraud and "cash from trash."

that essentially the advertiser wants to trade 20 refund forms. While couponing and refunding are hardly new—one of the first cents-off offers was devised in the 1890s by C.W. Post to perk up sales of Postum—they have accelerated in recent years at what might be called a rapid clip. With inflation grabbing from household budgets, those cents-off coupons and money-back refund offers have become more than an appealing way of stretching the food dollar; to many they are a way of life.

"You meet the most fantastic people doing couponing," says Betty Buckley, a Marietta, Ga., housewife with eight children who estimates that she saves $2,000 a year with coupons and refunds. When groups of friends gather for "swap meetings," she says, "you can be sure you all have something in common—inflation." Mary Janoyan, 33, a Troy, Mich., housewife, boasts of saving an average of $200 a month on her household budget. Says she: "If couponing and refunding were stopped tomorrow, I'd have to go some place for my withdrawal symptoms."

According to Government figures, 76% of American households do some snipping and clipping. More than 1,000 manufacturers now use these discount devices, spending at least $1 billion a year in payouts and redemptions. Some 100 billion coupons will be circulated this year in newspapers, magazines and direct-mail bundles. Not all of them are authentic, it seems. The Chicago *Tribune* reported last week that it had uncovered evidence of widespread theft and counterfeiting of newspaper coupons and special inserts. The coupons are apparently sold at a fraction of their face value to grocery stores, which pass them on to clearinghouses and manufacturers to be cashed in at full cost. The FBI confirmed that it was conducting a nationwide investigation of the practice, which may involve fraudulent redemptions of $250 million a year.

Manufacturers put more faith in coupons and refunds than in TV commercials to move highly competitive staples like coffee, pet food, breakfast cereals, cigarettes, soft drinks and soaps. Consumers, eyeing the manufacturers' huge promotional budgets, sense that they are paying for the discounts and may as well take advantage of them. Says Kerry Smith, head of information services at Donnelley Marketing, a national mailer of grocery-store coupons: "Our estimate is that if one uses coupons consistently throughout the year, one can save anywhere from $300 to $500 on the grocery bill."

Many addicts claim to save far more. Susan Samtur of Yonkers, N.Y., who publishes a couponing newsletter called *Refundle Bundle*, once demonstrated her saving ways on television by conducting then NBC Consumer Reporter Betty Furness on a supermarket tour. Samtur wound up paying only $7.07 for $130 worth of groceries.

Cheryl Pevehouse, 30, the wife of a physician in Columbia, S.C., and mother of three children, is a dedicated discounter who has saved as much as $5,300 on her grocery bills in a good year. She puts out a monthly newsletter called *Market Wizard* ("cash from trash") that goes to 132,000 subscribers. Like most other discounters, she is middle to upper-middle class. (Poorer consumers tend to go for the greater direct savings on lower-priced, no-name brands.) As Janoyan puts it, "It feels like upper-middle-class poor to us. If it weren't for my couponing and refunding, we'd be on the broke list right now." ■

A New Cry: Bring Back Gold

Reagan's supply-siders make a new pitch for a gilt-edged financial system

While gold has not been used to settle accounts between central banks for a decade, it still remains the barometer of world tension. From mud and straw shanties in India to plush villas in France, nervous people stash away Krugerrand coins or gold jewelry at the first sign of any political or economic unrest. Last week, after the Israelis attacked Iraq's nuclear reactor, the price of gold immediately shot up $13.50, to $473.50 per oz.

Now a group of conservative economists is trying to make gold again the anchor of the world's monetary system, a position it held during the late 19th and early 20th centuries. Says Lewis Lehrman, a wealthy businessman and sometime consultant to the Reagan Administration: "I am convinced that we will be back on the gold standard within ten years." The Administration later this month will announce the appointment of a committee to study the feasibility of returning to the gold standard. The 17 members include House Democrat Henry Reuss of Wisconsin, chairman of the Congressional Joint Economic Committee; Frederick Schultz, vice chairman of the Federal Reserve; and Murray Weidenbaum, head of the President's Council of Economic Advisers.

The basic requirements of a gold standard are that a unit of money be defined by a specified amount of gold and that the central bank be willing to convert money into gold. The gold standard then becomes a mechanism for controlling the money supply, and thus inflation, by linking the growth of currency to a commodity that is scarce, only slowly increasing in supply and indestructible. In times of steady economic growth, the limits imposed by a gold standard restrain spending and curb inflation. But during hard times, this can cause deflation since it inhibits deficit Government spending. The U.S. has not been on a gold standard since August 1971, and for nearly four decades before that, it had only a modified gold system.

A pure gold standard takes primary control of the money supply away from the Government. The growth of the world's money would be determined by the amount of gold dug out of mines in California, South Africa, the Soviet Union and other gold producers. Any country could get additional gold by exporting more goods abroad than it buys there. But buying gold would be the only way that a country could increase its domestic money supply.

Some supporters of the yellow metal favor a "fractional" gold standard in which money would be only partially covered by Government gold stocks. This would not entirely remove the Federal Reserve's role in monetary policy, but would restrain its powers to issue paper money. They believe that the Fed's policy of controlling inflation through the money supply is well intended but ineffectual. Lawrence Kudlow, chief economist of the Office of Management and Budget, says that the Federal Reserve has become a "monetary *Gong Show.*"

The notion of returning to the gold standard comes from the same supply-side economists who fostered the cuts in personal income taxes that President Reagan is now trying to get through Congress. Such supply-siders as Economist Arthur Laffer and Consultant Jude Wanniski have been putting the gold bug in politicians' ears for the past several years. Republican Congressman Jack Kemp of New York, co-author of the Kemp-Roth tax-cut bill, says that he plans to take up the gold banner as soon as he has completed his drive to lower taxes. Republican Congressman Ronald Paul of Texas and Republican Senator Jesse Helms of North Carolina have introduced bills that would restore some version of the gold standard. Says Laffer: "President Reagan is going to have a lot of trouble if he does not go to a gold standard soon." Laffer argues that a gold standard should accompany a supply-side tax cut to give consumers incentive to save.

Eugene Birnbaum, a former official of the International Monetary Fund, argues that the Government must "lick inflation first." Then the gold standard would provide the needed "discipline for politicians and bureaucrats" to maintain stable prices. He and other gold advocates believe that without such a system, governments will always fall to the temptation of inflating their currencies rather than taking prudent anti-inflation steps.

Probably the most difficult part of any return to gold would be to establish a suitable price for the yellow metal. In the past decade, gold has been as low as $35 per oz., but in January 1980 it hit $850 per oz. If world leaders fixed the price of gold too low, it could result in a severe depression, because there would not be enough cash to keep the economy running smoothly. If the price was set too high, it could cause more inflation, because the gold would have created too much cash and credit. Roy Jastram, a professor of business administration at the University of California at Berkeley, has studied the world prices of gold and other commodities going back to 1560. He concluded that the historic price of gold, in relation to the prices of those other products, would now be about $250 per oz. Some gold bugs, though, insist that the price under a new gold standard should be as high as $1,500 per oz.

So far the gold advocates have won few converts among leading economists. Opponents argue that a gold system would be far too rigid for the modern international economy. Says Otto Eckstein, president of Data Resources Inc.: "To tie the world economy to an

asset that represents such a small part of the total monetary system is really impossible. You could as well stabilize the world economy on the cabbage standard. It is absurd." Adds the Fed's Schultz: "You have to get inflation down before you link the dollar with any commodity. Otherwise there will be turbulence and disruption as the real value of the dollar erodes and people demand their gold."

A new gold standard could perhaps increase the financial and political clout of the world's two major gold producers: South Africa and the U.S.S.R. South Africa mines more than half the world's gold, 21.7 million oz. last year. Most of it is extracted by black miners, whose treatment by their apartheid government is a matter of international concern. In the case of a revolt or strike by the workers, a halt in production could drive up prices and disrupt world commerce. The Soviet Union holds an estimated 60 million oz. of gold and has unmined reserves of perhaps 250 million oz. more. At today's prices, that would give the Soviets a $146 billion stranglehold on Western economies.

World financiers show scant interest in going back to gold. Says European Gold Expert Paul Jeanty of London's Samuel Montagu & Co. Ltd.: "Returning to gold would only force the Saudis to buy it with their oil profits at enormous cost to the dollar. Nobody I know of takes the notion seriously." Hermann Abs, former head of West Germany's Deutsche Bank, says that "the fluctuations of the gold market preclude the establishment of gold as a standard of value."

There is doubt about whether Reagan is seriously interested in bringing back gold. During the 1980 presidential race, he made pro-gold campaign statements, and the Republican platform hinted at endorsing "hard" money. But some observers doubt that the President will actually follow through with any move toward gold. Says the vice president of a large New York bank: "This commission is a very considered maneuver by the Reagan Administration to allow conservatives to have their day. It is a way of diffusing sentiment—a masterful stroke."

The new Government committee is unlikely to endorse a return to gold. Although there are several gold advocates like Lehrman on it, a majority of the 17 members can be expected to come out against a restoration of the gold standard. Says Representative Paul: "The important thing is that we're finally talking about it. Sooner or later, it will all dawn on people."

The final word, however, has surely not been heard from the gold supporters. As long as governments around the world let inflation run wild and debase the value of their currencies, a relentless chorus of hard-money advocates will continue to demand that their money be made as good as gold. *—By Alexander L. Taylor III. Reported by David Beckwith/Washington and Frederick Ungeheuer/New York*

The Legacy of King Croesus

Churchill in 1926

The idea that a currency cannot be trusted unless it is backed by gold seems as durable as the metal itself. In the early 19th century, British Economist David Ricardo declared that without the gold standard the then mighty pound sterling would be at the whim of "all the fluctuations to which the ignorance or the interests of the issuers might subject it."

Though pure gold coins were first minted by King Croesus of Lydia (modern day western Turkey) in the 6th century B.C., a gold-backed currency is usually traced back to 1717, when Sir Isaac Newton, then Master of the Mint, fixed the value of the pound sterling at about .24 oz. of gold. For the next 200 years, except when it was briefly suspended during the Napoleonic wars, the gold standard made the pound the world's most trusted currency and helped Britain dominate world finance and trade.

During World War I, however, Britain went off the gold standard in order to make it easier to finance its military effort. In 1925 Winston Churchill, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, returned the country to the gold standard, believing that such a step would help restore the British Empire to its former pre-eminence. But he made the mistake of setting the value of the pound at its prewar gold price, which did not take account of high wartime inflation. This was a major cause of the nationwide general strike that virtually immobilized the economy in 1926. Indeed some historians believe that Churchill's decision to return to the gold standard helped trigger the worldwide Great Depression. In 1931 Britain again abandoned the gold standard.

As the heir to Britain's role in world finance following World War I, the U.S. clung to the gold standard. Franklin D. Roosevelt partly revoked it in 1933, when he attempted to help banks by forbidding Americans to hold gold. During the international chaos surrounding the Depression and the beginning of World War II, gold flooded into the U.S. The American gold supply jumped from $4 billion at the beginning of 1934 to $17.6 billion by the end of 1939. The U.S. suddenly held 60% of all the gold reserves in the world, and Washington officials worried about the problem of having too much gold.

Franklin D. Roosevelt in 1933

The Bretton Woods Conference of 1944, which established the postwar international monetary structure, set up the gold-exchange system. The price of gold was fixed by the U.S. Treasury at $35 per oz., and Washington agreed that foreign governments could always exchange their dollars for gold. This system worked well for about two decades, but by the mid-1960s governments fearful of the future convertibility of the American currency started turning in more and more dollars for gold. At the same time, French President Charles de Gaulle began a campaign to restore the full gold standard, proclaiming its merits as a form of payment that is "eternally and universally accepted." On Aug. 15, 1971, President Richard Nixon finally ended the gold-exchange system, when he announced that the U.S. would no longer redeem foreign-held dollars for American gold.

Richard Nixon in 1971

With few exceptions, economists reject proposals for returning the world's money system to gold. Yale's Robert Triffin, for example, says that it is "an absurd waste of human resources to dig gold in distant corners of the earth for the sole purpose of transporting it and reburying it immediately afterward in other deep holes." Yet gold's hold on the general public remains. As Janos Fekete, the deputy head of the National Bank of Hungary, once explained at a conference of monetary experts: "There are about 300 economists who are against gold—and they might be right. Unfortunately, there are 3 billion inhabitants of the world who still believe in it."

Problems for Oil Producers

A glut of crude causes tighter development budgets

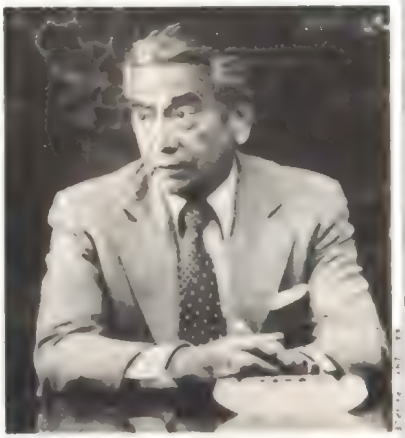
Mexico, Britain, Ecuador, Malaysia. The list of oil-exporting nations that have cut their prices keeps growing longer. After years of feasting on high prices brought on by petroleum scarcity and soaring demand, the oil-producing states are discovering that the price of crude can go down as well as up. Drooping demand and a steadily swelling surplus production of some 2 million bbl. per day have created a miniglut that grows bigger by the week.

From the oilfields of Southeast Asia to the offshore drilling rigs of North Africa and the North Sea, petroleum prices are being pruned, pared and sometimes slashed as exporting nations find themselves scrambling to hold on to customers. Not even last week's Israeli air attack on Iraq's nuclear reactor outside Baghdad did much to firm up the weakening price of crude. Though sporadic calls for an oil embargo of the U.S. echoed through the Arab world, petroleum prices stayed stagnant on the bellwether spot market, where much of the world's current excess is traded daily. At approximately $32 per bbl., spot market crude is now selling for nearly 20% less than last autumn.

Prices are sliding in large part because Saudi Arabia, which produces 10.3 million bbl. of crude oil daily, or 40% of all the output of the 13-nation Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries, is intentionally forcing them lower. As longtime champions of steady, but moderate, rises in the price of oil, the Saudis have refused to mimic price hawks like Libya, Iran and Iraq. Instead, the Saudis for the past nine months have been pumping nearly 2 million bbl. per day above their self-imposed limit of 8.5 million bbl. daily in order to create an oil surplus and drive prices down.

For the United States, the slumping cost of crude will mean less inflation and at least moderately more growth than most experts had been forecasting for 1981 and 1982. Consumer prices will probably rise by about 10% for this year, as a whole, *vs.* projections of as much as 12% to 13% late in 1980. Lower oil prices may help the U.S. to avoid the recession in 1981 that many economists had also predicted.

Welcome as it is to some oil-importing nations, the weakening price of crude means an abundance of troubles for many oil exporters. Nations like Nigeria, Iran and Libya have year after year pushed the price of crude to ever higher peaks in order to finance ambitious development programs. Now the sagging demand for petroleum is crimping export earnings, cutting into government revenues, and in some cases even beginning to threaten the continuation of many big industrialization projects.



Former Mexican Oil Chief Jorge Diaz Serrano

One of the hardest hit nations is Nigeria. As sales have fallen off, Nigeria's output has slipped in recent months. Daily production is now running at little more than 1.6 million bbl., down nearly 30% from 1980 levels.

Endowed with only 30 years of proven reserves, the most populous and powerful nation in black Africa had been counting heavily on high prices to pay the cost of a colossal industrialization and agricultural development program designed to buoy the economy after the oil runs out. Since 1975, Nigeria has spent upwards of $80 billion on economic development, and in the coming four years the government of President Alhaji Shehu Shagari wants to spend perhaps $152 billion more. In 1981 alone, overall imports are expected to reach $24 billion, mostly for heavy machinery, transportation equipment and food.

Oil revenues in 1980 amounted to some $25 billion, or nearly 50% of the nation's entire economic output, but smaller oil receipts will be causing new problems. With an estimated $5.5 billion in foreign loans already on its books, Nigeria now faces the unpleasant choice of adding perhaps $3 billion more in international debts, or else drawing down its $10 billion in foreign exchange reserves. Politically, the least attractive choice of all would be the one that makes the most economic sense—slowing the rate of government spending

Mexico, which is not an OPEC member, finds itself in a similar bind. Since 1976, Mexican production has more than tripled, to 2.8 million bbl. daily, and the resulting revenues from exports have become the foundation of economic development. Mexico has now cut prices by $4 per bbl. on both light and heavier grades of crude

Yet no sooner did Jorge Diaz Serrano, the head of Mexico's state-owned oil company, Pemex, announce the cut than a political storm forced his resignation. Until last week, Serrano had been one of the leading candidates in next year's presidential election

Mexico is expected to lose an estimated $1.2 billion or so in foreign exchange earnings as a result of Diaz Serrano's action. To pay its bills, the nation will have to negotiate as much as $1.2 billion in short-term credits from foreign lenders in the coming year. That could add five percentage points to an inflation rate that economists already foresee reaching 30% by year's end.

Higher inflation will put further downward pressure on the weak Mexican peso, which is being artificially supported on the world's money markets by the Mexican central bank. Devaluation would aid tourism, boost exports and help close a large trade deficit. But the last time a Mexican government undertook a major devaluation, in 1976, billions of dollars fled the country, inflation surged to

an annual rate of more than 50% and economic growth came to a halt. No Mexican government wants a repeat of the 1976 devaluation fiasco.

Britain, which has been counting on North Sea oil revenues to help lift it from the status of newly submerging nation, is also coming under pressure from falling prices. The Conservative government of Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher has been relying on up to $9.5 billion in revenues from North Sea production to help balance its fiscal 1981 budget. But the weakening market has discouraged the state-owned British National Oil Co. from opening promising new fields to expand production.

Meanwhile, B.N.O.C. has now offered to trim the cost of its crude by $2, to $37.25 per bbl., in order to deter customers from seeking even cheaper deals elsewhere. The cut may not be steep enough. British Petroleum is holding out for a full $5 per bbl. cut. These reductions could cost the British treasury millions of dollars in revenues, although the loss would be at least partially offset by the declining value of the pound. Oil prices are set in dollars and thus the British are now receiving more pounds for each barrel of oil.

As the world temporarily floats in a glut of oil caused by Saudi overproduction, more and more Western energy experts are asking themselves how much the desert kingdom actually has to produce to meet its own economic and political goals. Are the Saudis doing the West a favor by producing 10 million bbl. per day or are they doing themselves a favor?

Some critics of Saudi intentions, like Washington Lawyer Douglas J. Feith, a staff member of Ronald Reagan's National Security Council, assert that the Saudi Arabians simply could not afford to cut back much on output even if they wanted to. As Feith has argued, the Riyadh government needs every dollar it can get from its oil exports simply to pay the high cost of financing the nation's rapidly expanding economy.

Detailed studies by numerous other experts conclude, however, that the Saudis could cut back oil production by at least 2 million bbl. daily without feeling any financial pinch. Between 1980 and 1985, Saudi development plans call for $142 billion in expenditure on such projects as the nation's huge petrochemical and refining complexes at Jubail and Yanbu, and the new $1.7 billion university complex in Riyadh that is being built by Alabama Contractor Winton ("Red") Blount. Former CIA Analyst Walter McDonald, now a top Washington energy consultant, estimates that at $32 per bbl. the Saudis need to produce only 5.3 million bbl. daily to cover all such domestic development expenditures. Thus, the world's current glut could vanish like a mirage in the desert if the Saudis suddenly decide to cut their production in half. *—By Christopher Byron. Reported by David Beckwith/Washington and Jack E. White/Nairobi*

Bankers Can Drop Anchor at Home

Washington lets offshore financiers set up shop in the U.S.

Global money flows freely, neatly skirting legal impediments of governments along the way and eventually arriving at its destination ready to do business. Some of the most successful repositories of this stateless money are the offshore branches of major U.S. banks in such out-of-the-way places as Bahrain in the Persian Gulf, the Bahamas and the Cayman Islands in the Caribbean. In all, more than $1 trillion is held by banks and borrowers outside the U.S. in offshore banking bases set up by American and foreign banks.

Since the banks are not on U.S. soil, they are exempt from costly federal regulations, which helps them compete more aggressively with foreign banks for international business. But while these offshore banks have permitted U.S. financial institutions to fight for foreign accounts, they have created a disadvantage for New York City as a world financial center. In recent years, London, the heart of the large Eurodollar market, has jumped ahead of New York City in many foreign banking operations.

Last week, after years of intensive lobbying by large money center banks, the U.S. Federal Reserve authorized banks to set up international banking facilities (I.B.F.s) in the U.S. Banks will be permitted on Dec. 3 to create I.B.F.s that will be freed of the key regulations that govern U.S. institutions, namely minimum reserve requirements and limits on the level of interest that they can pay. The old system, for example, required banks to keep a portion of deposits, say 8%, in reserve with the Federal Reserve, regardless of whether the deposits came from domestic or foreign sources. On a foreign deposit of $1 million, $80,000 would have to be kept with the Fed, leaving the bank with only $920,000 to lend.

The banks will do I.B.F. business mainly with corporate or government clients; the minimum deposit or withdrawal will be $100,000. U.S. banks are expected to set up I.B.F.s soon in New York, Connecticut, Florida, Georgia and Maryland, where state legislatures have already passed laws exempting such financial operations from local and state income taxes.

Perhaps the biggest winners from the Federal Reserve's action will be the twelve New York City banks that make up the Clearing House Association. They handle between $180 billion and $200 billion worth of domestic and international banking transactions daily through a computer link to the 100 largest overseas banks. John Lee, executive vice president of the association, anticipates a doubling during the next two years of such financial transactions, which might include, for example, Saudi Arabia paying for U.S. refinery equipment with offshore dollars. Says he: "We are gearing up for this expansion." All told, the relaxed regulations should lure back some $200 billion of the roughly $600 billion U.S. banks have booked in their offshore branches.

Among the most ardent backers of the changes are the two New York monetary officials: Muriel Siebert, superintendent of banks of New York State, and Anthony Solomon, president of the New York Federal Reserve Bank. Said Solomon: "I would prefer to see foreign-based deposit and loan business serviced from U.S. shores."

New York bankers enthusiastically greeted the Fed's announcement. Said Norborne Berkeley Jr., president of Chemical Bank: "It's a significant step in closing the gap between London and New York." Said Willard Butcher, chairman of Chase Manhattan: "It's a plus for New York." Bankers looked forward to all the new business that should be coming their way from tropical climates. Said Chase Banker James Connelly: "A lot of sheiks may not know about Nassau, but they sure know about New York." ■

New York–based Citibank's branch in Nassau, the Bahamas

Tropical climates for some of the most successful repositories of stateless dollars

Capital Crime

Bilking a money-market fund

When he was asked why he robbed banks, Willie Sutton reportedly gave the legendary reply, "Because that's where the money is." If Sutton were still alive, he might be robbing money-market funds. In the past three years, Americans have put $113 billion into money-market funds, often by taking their cash out of low-interest savings accounts. The increasingly popular money funds pay high interest (last week an average of 16.9%) by investing in short-term securities like U.S. Treasury bills.

Last week the booming money-market funds passed yet another milestone: their first reported theft. The FBI alleged that a Brazilian couple, an accounting clerk and her boyfriend, embezzled $1.55 million from the $788 million First Variable Rate Fund for Government Income in Washington by using an almost routine bank fraud scheme. Vera Lucia Campos, 27, and Andre L. Prestes, 26, who were illegal aliens according to the Government, appeared to have planned the ploy carefully.

Last April, five months after Campos had gone to work as an assistant in First Variable's payment transfer office, Prestes opened a $2,500 account with the fund. On May 5 she allegedly instructed First Variable's bank, Riggs National, to credit him with $1.55 million and transfer the money to an account in the Pentagon branch of his bank. Campos moved nearly the maximum amount of money that could be transferred without triggering additional security checks by First Variable officials.

The suspects

Two days later, Campos quit her job. Prestes withdrew $50,000 from his bank and had the remaining $1.5 million transferred to a Swiss bank account, fund officials said. Not until June 2 did accountants discover that the money was missing, and by then Campos and Prestes had vanished.

Though the couple have not been found, their purported crime was not quite perfect. A Geneva court last week ordered the Union Bank of Switzerland to freeze Prestes' account, which contains almost all of the $1.5 million.

Money-market funds are not federally insured like banks and savings and loans, but First Variable's 70,000 shareholders would have been protected, its lawyers say, even if the missing cash had not been found. Money funds are required to carry insurance against employee theft, and by sheer coincidence First Variable's policy covered losses of up to $1.5 million. ■

DRAWING FOR TIME BY SHEBA EMERSON

A Plague of Job Hoppers

Jumping from one job to another has become endemic in the American economy. In 1980 the average U.S. manufacturing firm lost 4% of its work force every month. What this means is analyzed by Lester C. Thurow, professor of economics and management at M.I.T. and a member of TIME*'s Board of Economists:*

How could anyone expect good teamwork, group loyalty or a common interest in raising firm productivity when almost half of the work force will either quit or be laid off within twelve months? Neither worker nor company has any interest in the economic success of the other. Workers, including managers, are not willing to sacrifice to help build the future prosperity of the company since they know that they will not be around to share in that future prosperity. Conversely the company is not willing to invest in the future success of the individual since that person is apt to be somewhere else when the investment that goes into training him pays off.

The result is gross underinvestment in creating the on-the-job skills necessary for industrial success. Blue-collar workers are traditionally trained on the job, but with today's high turnover rates no firm wants to invest in training its work force since there is a very high probability that the workers will soon leave for another job. For each firm it is cheaper to bid, with higher wages, a skilled worker away from other firms, but this obviously does not work for the economy as a whole. The result is a perpetual shortage of skilled blue-collar workers whenever the economy begins to approach anything remotely resembling full employment.

The problem is visible in foreign trade. To be a successful exporter it is necessary to speak the languages of the countries to which you wish to sell your products. Foreign firms are willing to pay to teach their employees the languages that they need to be salesmen abroad. American firms generally are not. The differences show how long they expect their employees to remain on the payroll.

The American corporation is accused of having a short-run time horizon. But if everyone, workers and managers, is basically on his own when it comes to economic success, how could anyone expect the American corporation to have a long time horizon? If each individual foresees that he will be with the firm for only a brief period, then it should come as no surprise that the corporation has an equally short time horizon in its planning.

Job hopping is only part of the problem of excessive employee turnover. U.S. firms are also quicker to fire workers in cyclical economic downturns than are their foreign counterparts. Compare the behavior of Chrysler and Mazda when they both faced economic extinction. Chrysler fired thousands of workers; Mazda went to great lengths to keep employees with the company. If firms fire workers when it is economically convenient, no one should be surprised when American workers abandon their firms when it is economically convenient.

To increase training, strengthen teamwork and lengthen time horizons, American corporations are going to have to adopt management practices that dramatically cut turnover rates. If America wants a loyal labor force interested in raising productivity, layoffs have to become the last, rather than the first, resort when a firm is facing difficult economic times. Incentives will have to be structured to give the biggest economic prizes to those who do not job hop. "Every man for himself" is not the route to economic success.

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Religion

Bailey Smith preaching in Los Angeles

Bible Brouhaha

A Baptist power struggle

Being president of the Southern Baptist Convention is a largely honorary job, and most presidents typically tend their 13.6 million-member flock in obscurity. Not the Rev. Bailey Smith of Del City, Okla. Last August, Smith offhandedly told a conservative political rally, "God Almighty does not hear the prayer of a Jew." In the furor that predictably followed, Smith met with Jewish leaders and said he regretted hurting anyone's feelings, but never took back the remark.

At the annual meeting of Southern Baptists last week in Los Angeles, Smith was up for a second one-year term. Though re-election is supposed to be automatic, he faced an unprecedented campaign to remove him from office.

Over the Jewish prayer question? Not at all. The issue was the Bible and how it shall be taught. A Southern Baptist president has one notable power: indirect control over nominations to boards that run the six Southern Baptist seminaries. Smith, like his predecessor, is a scriptural hard-liner who believes the Bible is "inerrant," free of errors in all matters spiritual and historical. Inerrantists believe, for example, that a whale actually swallowed Jonah and that Adam and Eve were individuals, not symbols. That is the faith of most grass-roots Southern Baptists but not necessarily of the seminary professors, many of whom interpret the Bible somewhat less rigidly. For three years hard-liners have been plotting to dominate the denomination.

In Southern Baptist terms, Smith, 42, is a formidable figure, a fiery red-haired, old-style prairie stem-winder. Last year his First Southern Baptist Church in Del City listed 2,027 baptisms by immersion, a record for the S.B.C. and, presumably, any other U.S. Protestant group. In opposition to Smith's candidacy, anti-Smith moderates fielded distinguished, disarming Abner McCall, 66, former president of Baylor University. McCall was described by his backers as "a Lincoln who can preserve this Baptist union."

But the heated talk in Los Angeles was more theological than personal. The seminaries, gibed the Rev. Paige Patterson, Dallas Bible college president and leading hard-liner, offer "a Dalmatian theology"—one holding that "the Bible is inspired only in spots." Once professors accept "human embellishments" in the Bible, Patterson contended, there is no logical place to stop, and Christians find themselves "cast on a hopeless sea of subjectivism." But Houston Pastor Kenneth Chafin, a moderate, called the inerrancy crusade nothing more "than a naked, ruthless reach for personal power."

In an atmosphere reminiscent of a political convention, 13,000 "messengers" to Los Angeles cast computer ballots and gave Smith a 61% majority. But McCall seemed satisfied. His 39%, he said, would be sufficient warning to Smith and his friends not to pack the seminary boards with hard-liners. ■

No in Nicaragua

Political priests defy the Pope

Last year Pope John Paul II let it be known that he did not want Roman Catholic priests to play active roles in politics. As a result, U.S. Congressman Robert Drinan, a Jesuit priest, had to forgo a run for a sixth term. But in Nicaragua, ever since the revolutionary Sandinista regime took office in 1979, four priests have held high government posts, and a dozen others serve as key advisers. The four highly placed priests are Foreign Minister Miguel D'Escoto, Social Welfare Minister Edgard Parrales, Culture Minister Ernesto Cardenal, and Fernando Cardenal, director of the Young Sandinistas. D'Escoto is a member of the U.S.-based Maryknoll order.

The priests at first took office as a stopgap measure in a time of crisis. But last December, with the crisis largely past and the Catholic hierarchy growing increasingly critical of the Sandinistas' repressive measures, the bishops asked them to leave their government posts. They stayed on, claiming the country still needed their services, so the bishops came up with a compromise plan. The priests could retain their jobs but downplay their roles as priests. If Rome approved, that is.

This month the Nicaraguan church suddenly declared that any priests who do not forsake "public positions" immediately "will be considered in open rebellion and disobedience of the ultimate ecclesiastical authority." Vatican Spokesman Romeo Panciroli claimed that Rome played no part in the crackdown. In fact, John Paul has taken a firm line against priestly partisanship in the Nicaraguan test case.

Last week the four priests declared an "unbreakable commitment to the popular Sandinista revolution in loyalty to our people, which is the same as saying, in loyalty to the will of God. We will continue in whatever place our presence and service might be necessary." What now? One possibility is that the four will be forbidden to function as priests. ■

Tang's Task

A Chinese Catholic go-between

Of the eight Vatican-appointed bishops in mainland China, five are under house arrest and the fate of two others is unknown. That leaves Jesuit Dominic Tang, who in 1950 was appointed apostolic administrator, or temporary head, of the Canton diocese by Pope Pius XII and subsequently spent 22 years in a Communist prison. With church conditions improving dramatically in China, Tang was freed last year. Surprisingly, he also won the approval of the province's government to resume duties as administrator of his diocese.

Last week Pope John Paul II named Tang, 73, the country's only archbishop and formally assigned him to Canton. It was the Vatican's first permanent episcopal appointment in China since 1955. Tang, who has been in Rome for several months, plans to return home this week and quietly resume his duties. As the sole bishop in China accepted by both the Vatican and the Communist regime, Tang is clearly supposed to help improve relations between Rome and Peking and with China's "patriotic" bishops who reject papal authority. But the prospects seem dim. Peking quickly denounced the appointment as "an interference in China's internal affairs," and the patriotic bishops called it "illegal" and "intolerable." ■

Pope John Paul II embracing Archbishop Tang

A Roman play rebuffed in Peking.

Breakthrough in the Wage War

The Supreme Court opens the door to more pay suits by women

They may have come a long way, baby, but in the job market women still get only 60¢ for every dollar received by men. Legal efforts to narrow the gap have frequently run up against a high hurdle: females could sue their employers only according to the standard of "equal pay for equal work"—*i.e.*, when their boss paid more to men performing the same basic job. Last week the Supreme Court removed that obstacle by ruling 5 to 4 that a woman could also file suit for equivalent pay if her job was merely similar to one held by a man and there was intentional discrimination. The upshot of the decision, predicted Douglas McDowell, a lawyer for the pro-business Equal Employment Advisory Council: "It's going to invite an awful lot of litigation."

The dispute that came before the court originated in Washington County, Ore., where women prison guards, called "matrons," received 30%—or about $200 a month—less than their male counterparts, who were called "deputy sheriffs." The females, who worked in a women's jail, guarded fewer inmates but had extra clerical duties. Relying on Title VII of the Civil Rights Act of 1964, a broad measure outlawing sex discrimination in the work place, the women sued. County officials maintained, however, that an amendment to Title VII offered by former Republican Senator Wallace Bennett of Utah incorporated a full set of restrictions contained in the Equal Pay Act of 1963. Under that law, suits are permissible only when both sexes perform "equal work."

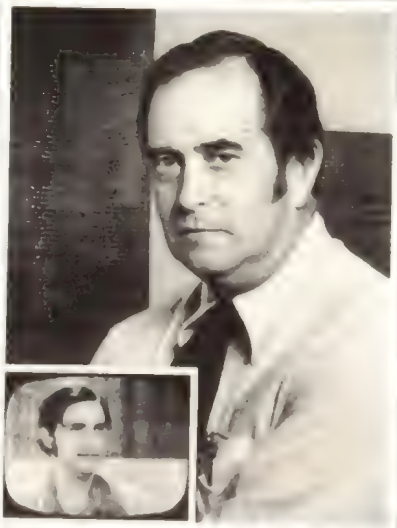
It was up to the court to try to read Congress's mind in retrospect. Writing for the majority, Justice William Brennan agreed that "Title VII's prohibition of discriminatory employment practices was intended to be broadly inclusive." Surely, he argued, Congress did not intend to block suits such as this one, where the county's own job survey had concluded that the women's jobs should provide wages equal to 95% of the men's. Countered dissenting Justice William Rehnquist: "The court conveniently and persistently ignores relevant legislative history and instead relies wholly on what it believes Congress *should* have enacted." Rehnquist cited a 1965 interpretation by Senator Bennett to the effect that a disparity in wages could be considered discriminatory under Title VII only if it also violated the Equal Pay Act.

The court's ruling gave no indication of whether the guards' suit, or others like it, would succeed. Nor did it suggest any new standard to which employers might be held. "It just opens the door," said Norman Chachkin of the Lawyers' Committee for Civil Rights Under Law. "But a decision going the other way would have shut the door with a pretty big clang."

The court specifically declined to authorize suits based on the "comparable worth" theory. This theory, which is gaining acceptance among some women's rights groups and labor organizations, holds that females in traditional women's jobs (secretaries, grade-school teachers) should be paid as much as men are in traditionally male jobs (accountants, construction workers) when the two kinds of work are deemed to require comparable skill, effort and responsibility. Three-quarters of working women occupy positions that are at least 75% female. The comparable-worth argument has made little headway in courts. Last year a group of Denver nurses lost a federal suit in which they claimed that it was unfair to pay them less than the city's tree trimmers and sign painters.

For Alberta Gunther, one of the four guards who brought the case decided last week, the victory was a qualified one. Seven years after first going to court, Gunther now knows only that she is entitled to sue. Next she and her colleagues must prove at trial that the county's wage scale was in fact intentionally discriminatory. "We thought it was a simple case," she said. "We expected to win and be over with it." Even if they ultimately win, the benefits will be solely retroactive: in 1974 their jobs were wiped out when Washington County closed down the facility where they were working and sent the inmates to a nearby county. ■

Former Prison Guard Alberta Gunther
Trying to read Congress's mind.



Crew and, inset, Braeseke on *60 Minutes*

Lawyer Verdict

He criticizes his own case

Like any good defense attorney, James Crew of Hayward, Calif., is used to arguing vigorously and sometimes ingeniously on behalf of defendants he suspects are guilty. That was what he did in 1977 for Barry Braeseke, then 21, who was charged with murdering his parents and grandfather. Crew urged the judge to suppress two confessions in which Braeseke matter-of-factly described shooting his family. Crew's rationale: although he later changed his mind, the youth had originally asked to speak to authorities "off the record." The argument failed. But later the California Supreme Court—on an appeal handled by a different lawyer—agreed that the confessions were tainted and threw out the conviction.

Was Crew gratified that his arguments were vindicated and his client at least temporarily let off? Not a bit. In fact, he was so troubled that last month he sent an extraordinary letter to the U.S. Supreme Court, which had just decided not to hear a further appeal on the case. Wrote Crew: "It is difficult to understand how a system of laws conceived to protect innocent people can become twisted to give freedom to a person who deliberately kills three innocent human beings [and] thereafter confesses. No wonder the citizens in this country refer to attorneys in a disrespectful fashion and to many of our courts with comparable lack of respect."

Crew's letter has elicited no reply from the court, but it has stirred passions in the California legal community since he sent it to the local press. Says Los Angeles Criminal Lawyer Anthony Murray, a member of the board of governors of the state bar association: "It is

inappropriate for a lawyer to take one position as an advocate and then to publicly decry that position as a private citizen. He's in effect saying, 'I took a position but I hope to God the courts don't listen to me.' If a lawyer does this, he is prostituting himself." Crew, 49, who has a reputation as a tough, able defender, insists that it is one thing when juries wrongly acquit people who are guilty, but quite another when judges allow them to go free. "Jurors are lay people who can make mistakes," says he. "We know it is not a perfect system. But I expect the highest levels of judicial common sense from our highest judges."

As Crew's letter pointed out, Braeseke not only confessed before his trial, but in 1980 he repeated his chilling story to a national television audience when interviewed by CBS Correspondent Mike Wallace on *60 Minutes*. This summer a hearing will be held in Alameda County Superior Court to determine whether that televised statement may be used as evidence in Braeseke's retrial. Meantime, Braeseke, who is being held without bail in San Quentin Prison, may have been helped, in a supremely ironic and inadvertent way, by his former defense attorney. If the publicity generated by Crew's letter prevents Braeseke from being able to get a fair trial, the state will have to set him free—and allow him to inherit more than $200,000 left by the three people he murdered. ■

Briefs

SEARCH FOR A SURROGATE

When James Noyes, 32, flew home to Rochester earlier this month, he left his two-month-old son behind in Arcadia, Calif., and there is a good chance he will never see him again. Noyes and his wife Bjorna, 28, unable to produce children, had had his sperm injected into Nisa Bhimani, 29, a California widow and mother of three. But during her pregnancy, Bhimani decided she wanted to keep the child. Noyes sued for custody. Then, just before the trial, he withdrew his suit, partly to avoid publicly divulging his wife's transsexuality—which came out in court documents. That tidbit has since been publicized anyway, so Noyes, a truck driver who has invested more than $5,000 in his quest, may renew the custody fight. As matters stand, he is listed on the birth certificate but has no visitation rights. The presiding judge, Robert Olson of Los Angeles County Superior Court, believes that surrogates should always be free to change their minds and predicts that states will begin enacting laws dealing with such situations. Meantime, the tussle is likely to make prospective clients more wary of this increasingly popular arrangement.

THE RIP VAN WINKLE WRINKLE

Cryonics Interment Inc. of Los Angeles, Calif., was one of several firms spawned by the 1960s vogue for freezing human bodies until the cures for various diseases were found, at which time the bodies would be thawed and presumably revived. When Cryonics Interment went broke after five years, however, the supply of freezing liquid nitrogen was cut off, and the eight or so bodies in the company's burial capsules thawed and decomposed. The relatives of three of the deceased—who had paid a total of $31,294 to have their loved ones preserved—sued Cryonics Executive Robert Nelson and Mortician Joseph Klockgether. Nelson, who runs a TV repair business, insisted that customers realized he was engaged in nonprofit research and made no guarantees. The jury was unconvinced, and awarded the relatives a cool $928,594. In Berkeley, Calif., President Arthur Quaife of Trans Time Inc., who claims that his is the nation's only surviving cryonic suspension firm (ten patients on ice), said that cryonics still has a "great future."

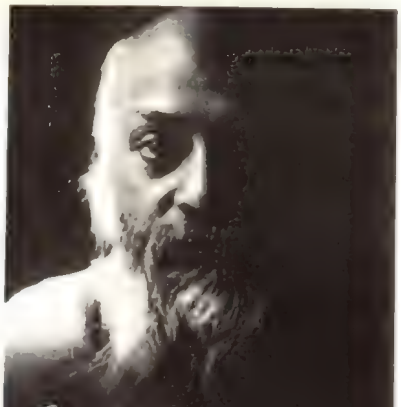
BARRING LOVE BEHIND BARS

Wives are allowed to make conjugal visits. Why not girlfriends? So reasoned Ray Cummings, 60, a murderer serving a life term at California's San Quentin Prison. When authorities turned down Cummings' request for occasional 48-hour visits from his girlfriend Susan, who is in her late 20s, he went to court. His attorney, Don Specter of Berkeley, argues that the state is not entitled "to decide who your loved ones are and whom you are to spend time with in prison." So far, two courts have responded unromantically. A more promising solution would seem to be marriage, but Cummings, who lived with Susan for seven years before his 1978 incarceration, has reservations. Says he: "Something seems to happen that upsets things when people get married." Apparently he speaks from experience: both he and Susan, a convicted prostitute, are officially married to other people.

THE BIRTH OF HABEAS FETUS

On a bench outside the county jail in Waukegan, Ill., last month, Attorney Charles Wilson tried to console Roger Hubbard, 36. Hubbard's wife Carol, 30, who was five months pregnant, was being held in jail on charges stemming from a shoplifting case, and Hubbard could not afford the $23,000 bail. Wilson explained that since he had defended a man charged in the same case, it would be a conflict of interest for him to represent Carol. How, then, to get her out of jail?

Suddenly, Wilson recalled that Illinois' abortion law asserts in a preamble that life begins at conception. In an application probably never dreamed of by the right-to-life movement, Wilson decided to represent the couple's unborn baby, seeking its release through a writ of habeas corpus on the theory that it had been deprived of liberty without having done anything wrong. Before Carol was released last week on other grounds, Wilson had tried his creative argument on a local judge and the Illinois Supreme Court. Both dismissed it. Apparently they found the logic inconceivable. ■



love
has nothing
to do with
somebody else,
it is your
state of being.
Love is not
a relationship.
A relationship
is possible
but love is not
confined to it,
it is beyond it,
it is more than that~
Man becomes mature
the moment
he starts loving
rather than needing.
He starts overflowing,
he starts sharing,
he starts giving~
And when
two mature persons
are in love,
one of the
greatest paradoxes
of life happens,
one of the most
beautiful phenomena...
they are together,
and yet
tremendously alone;
they are almost one.
But their oneness
does not destroy
their individuality.

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Shree Rajneesh

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Prelude Sport Coupe

In simple terms, why every Honda has front-wheel drive.

Have you noticed how more car manufacturers have been making the switch to front-wheel drive these days?

With all the attention it's getting, you'd think it was something new.

Well, front-wheel drive is nothing new to Honda. We saw its advantages more than ten years ago.

In fact, Honda is the only manufacturer that has sold all its cars in the U.S. with front-wheel drive and a transverse-mounted engine.

WHAT ARE THE ADVANTAGES?

For a start, we've designed a car that's smaller outside but with more than enough room for both driver and passengers.

This is partly due to the fact that there is no driveshaft running through the passenger compartment. So all your passengers have more foot and legroom. And more

room for their belongings.

Eliminating the driveshaft also reduces another problem. Because the driveshaft can be a source of noise and vibration.

And since there's no heavy rear axle housing, we've also been able to relocate some of the car's other basic components.

Like the fuel tank. We've made it wider and flatter, and moved it forward. That gives you more cargo space. And even improves the car's responsiveness in handling.

THE ADVANTAGES DON'T STOP AT IMPROVED COMFORT.

Front-wheel drive puts more of the weight on the driving wheels. That means better traction.

And because driving power is applied in the direction the car is being steered, it actually helps you through the turns.

We could go on forever. But the only way to really appreciate our front-wheel drive is to test-drive a Honda yourself.

The Honda Civic. Perhaps our most practical car.

The Accord. Our luxury car.

Or the Prelude. Our sporty car.

They all have front-wheel drive. They always have.

So if that's what you're looking for in a car, it's worth remembering that Honda has been out in front for a long, long time.

HONDA

We make it simple.

To Tchaikovsky, a Rousing Tribute

New York City Ballet toasts a composer who set feet flying

Tchaikovsky, who loved to dance, was irresistibly attracted to writing ballets. If his structural sense of music was weak, he was a wizardly orchestrator who turned out waltzes and mazurkas that set feet flying. Along with Léo Delibes, he rescued ballet music from critical contempt.

One hopes that his seat in heaven has an unobstructed view of Manhattan's Lincoln Center because the New York City Ballet has been putting on a rousing festival there in his honor, with 13 new ballets by six choreographers and several older works by the company's resident genius, George Balanchine.

The celebration inevitably produced the sorts of glitches on which N.Y.C.B. fans seem to thrive. There was one real disappointment: in the midst of the first performance of *Mozartiana*, Balanchine's major effort, Suzanne Farrell sprained her foot; subsequent performances of a beautiful and complex ballet had to be canceled. When Jacques d'Amboise saw his new *Concert Fantasy* performed for the first time before a full theater, he promptly canceled the last half of it; that led to a certain bemusement among those trying to follow the printed program, which remained unchanged on later evenings. Jerome Robbins had some second thoughts too: he decided that his segment of the five-part *Tempo di Valse* did not fit in with the rest. Out it went, just before the premiere. Since Robbins' work for the festival is his best in years, the decision may merit reconsideration.

A festival like this is a very rare occurrence: right now no other troupe could assemble the artistic talent to stage such a creative marathon. Among the real pleasures of attending one of the 14 sold-out performances was the opportunity to guess which ballets will make it into the permanent repertory.

By the weekend, with three more premieres to come, Robbins had very strong entries. For opening night he created a gossamer duet for Darci Kistler and Ib Andersen to the second movement of the Piano Concerto No. 1. The dancers seem to be skating—two very young lovers etching their joy on a pond by moonlight. This is a charming little lyric that never takes itself, or figure skating, seriously. Still, in the subtle use of half- and three-quarter-point work for the radiant Kistler, Robbins manages to give toe shoes the rocking balance of a skate blade.

Robbins' longer work, *Piano Pieces*, was an immediate hit. In it he gives some deservedly obscure Tchaikovsky piano works the elegance of Chopin and catches the bursting talents of more young stars. The ballet's best pas de deux shows the fleet wit of Heather Watts and Bart Cook, who always seem to see the double side of life. The choreographer also notes the rippling serenity of Kyra Nichols, who sometimes seems unaware of the audience. Most of all, Robbins shows off Ib Andersen. Since he has four new roles, this might even be called an Ib Andersen Festival. He is an elegant, ardent dramatic dancer who has the clear allegro technique that the "Balanchine style" needs. If Robbins does not test him (as Balanchine does in *Mozartiana*), he makes *Piano Pieces* a study of the protean Andersen in motion.

Ib Andersen sets the style in *Piano Pieces*

As the premieres unfolded, it became clear that the festival was not so much about Tchaikovsky (or Ib Andersen) but about City Ballet. If there were surprises, there were traditional elements: Balanchine working with Farrell, his principal muse of the past two decades, and Karin von Aroldingen, the ballerina who is perhaps closest to him personally; Robbins pushing the younger dancers but not forgetting Patricia McBride, his Girl in Pink in *Dances at a Gathering* (1969). But the story of N.Y.C.B. was best told in the frequent use of apprentices and students from the company-related School of American Ballet. Both John Taras, one of the ballet masters, and Peter Martins, the company's top male dancer, who is doing more and more choreography, did their best work for students. Taras' setting of the sophisticated waltz from *Eugene Onegin* is a civilized pleasure to watch. He creates unfussy, satisfying patterns and matches them to the still developing skills of his cast. They should be grateful for their roles, and it is likely that the *Onegin* waltz, knowing and unassuming, will be around a long time.

Martins' *Capriccio Italien* is a pastiche of typical Italian images, from the bejew-

Andersen partners Suzanne Farrell in *Mozartiana*

All Balanchine's creatures, great and small, bloom in the *Garland Dance*

eled aristocrats to the bouncy peasants. He takes familiar material and gives it a characteristic touch of astringency that keeps it from being sentimental. Playing against Martins' coolness is the fervor with which the youngsters perform. Lisa Jackson is a formidable technician at 19, and Gen Horiuchi, 16, has a thrilling attack and dumbfounding poise. He seems to have minutely observed his mentor (one hand on hip, glance askance) and also Baryshnikov (a tendency to open his mouth to show emotion). The audience loved Gen.

Balanchine uses very little children sublimely. His *Garland Dance* from *The Sleeping Beauty* contains the festival's most radiant image. The stage is filled with dancers carrying arcs of brilliant flowers, swaying ethereally to the music. Into their midst come 16 tiny ballerinas in bright pink tutus, burrowing through the lines, frowning with determination. No doubt about it: the man who created this pretty, poignant, funny scene is a wizard. The moment passes, of course; soon the little girls are grinning, trying to point their feet and watch their pals at the same time.

Four slightly older girls perform in *Mozartiana*. They are dressed in black, and at the opening of the ballet they frame Farrell in a mysterious image. The music is Tchaikovsky's setting of a Mozart motet known as the *Ave Verum Corpus*. The backdrop is the one used throughout the festival, a vaulting of 3,600 translucent tubes, designed by Philip Johnson. (It took 50 men 75 hours to install the 200,000-lb set.) In *Mozartiana*, as elsewhere, the play of light on the clear columns gives a spacious harmony to the scene. The tableau is more enigmatic than the one in the *Garland Dance*, but it shows the continuity of the company: Balanchine, Farrell, the generation that will replace them.

Minutes later, during a pas de deux with Andersen, Farrell was injured, though she got through the performance. She has been dancing with awesome virtuosity and lyricism this season, and wanted to try at least one more *Mozartiana* during the festival. To TIME's Rosemarie Tauris, she talked about what she was missing. "I'm caught up in the spirit of the festival. I have been talking to Mr. Tchaikovsky, saying, 'Please let me be well enough to dance.' In *Mozartiana* Mr. B. wanted us to move in a different way. I have never seen these steps before, and the way they are put together is new. The *Ave Verum* is a piece I used to sing in church when I was a little girl. As I'm dancing, I silently sing the Latin text. I love the set. The design makes it feel huge. Light changes it—like prisms. The set, along with the music, makes you move bigger, at least you feel bigger. It's like an organ. It's like being in church for me."

With the last strains of the *Pathétique*, the festival is over. But the shade of Pyotr Ilych Tchaikovsky will not be satisfied until a healthy Suzanne Farrell dances *Mozartiana* again. —*By Martha Duffy*

Gunvor Rosén sits with 20,000 calories worth of food, her daily intake

Medicine

Eating Round the Clock

With intestines shortened, a woman needs eleven meals a day

Gunvor Rosén's diet would put a trucker to shame. Several truckers, in fact. Each day the Swede tucks in the equivalent of 15 eggs, 6½ lbs. of potatoes, 4½ lbs. of pork and liver, one package of bacon, four steaks, twelve slices of roast beef, two quarts of ice cream, 1 lb. of butter, several loaves of bread, 20 quarts of tea and light beer.

Rosén, 44, needs all this food —enough to feed a family of eight—as a result of treatment for a mysterious and frustrating intestinal disorder, Crohn's disease. A chronic inflammation of the bowel, Crohn's afflicts an estimated 1 million Americans, including 100,000 children. It goes by a variety of other names, including regional enteritis, ileitis and granulomatous colitis, depending on which part of the intestinal tract is affected. Repeated flare-ups can totally block the intestine. Fistulas or abnormal passages may develop in the inflamed bowel and lead into adjacent organs. In some instances the disease also causes arthritis, skin lesions, an inflammation of the eye or, rarely, a disruption in liver functioning. Sufferers experience abdominal cramps, diarrhea, rectal bleeding, fever, lack of appetite, weight loss and vomiting.

No one knows the cause of Crohn's disease, although researchers suspect that a virus or a flaw in the body's immune system may be involved. A cure is similarly elusive. In attempting to control the disease, doctors use drugs that suppress inflammation and the immune system. In severe cases, they must resort to surgery, cutting away diseased portions of bowel and then reconnecting the ends or creating a hole through the abdomen so wastes can be collected in a pouch. But even with such drastic measures, the disease may recur, necessitating more extensive operations.

Rosén's case is an extreme example of Crohn's disease. Her illness began when she was 19 and was treated with drugs alone for 20 years. But since 1976, she has undergone six operations; she has lost her large intestine and all but 27½ in. of her 20-ft.-long small intestine. Because food passes through her truncated bowel so quickly, she does not get needed nutrients or fluids. To stay alive, she must eat eleven full meals a day,* a total of 20,000 calories. She also receives supplemental fluids intravenously and vitamin injections. At 5 ft. 4 in., she weighs 141 lbs.

For the past 20 months, Rosén has been living at Kalmar Lasarett, a community hospital; Sweden's socialized health-care system picks up the tab for treatment and meals. But fed up with bland food, she has been taking short trips outside: "I leave after lunch and manage to hit three or four restaurants before I feel satisfied. Then I come back to a new hospital tray for dinner." She would like to leave the hospital and cook for herself, but the big problem is money. Rosén lives on a pension of $7,680 a year, and government regulations allow only $2,100 more for people with handicaps. "That," she complains, "would last about a month for buying the extra food I must eat." ■

*At 8 a.m., 10 a.m., 11:30 a.m., 2 p.m., 4 p.m., 5:45 p.m., 7:30 p.m., 10 p.m., 1:30 a.m., 4 a.m. and 6 a.m.

Give a killer money, freedom and protection, and he'll be your witness.

Maybe he'll even tell the truth.

Convicted murderers and felons are receiving huge amounts of money, suspended sentences and government protection for testimony that could lead to the conviction of other criminals.

What happens to these "witnesses" after they're given their freedom? And how is anybody to know if their testimony was, indeed, "the whole truth."

ABC News correspondent Marshall Frady questions whether paid witnesses are worth the price.

"When Crime Pays"

ABC NEWS CLOSEUP

abc Thursday, June 25, 10:00PM/9:00PM
Eastern/Pacific Central/Mountain

"The Pole of Cold and Cruelty"

WITHIN THE WHIRLWIND *by Eugenia Ginzburg; Translated by Ian Boland Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; 423 pages; $17.50*

"Poetry is power," observed Osip Mandelstam, Russia's great 20th century poet who died some time in the late '30s in a Soviet concentration camp. "Poetry is respected only in this country—people are killed for it. There's no place where more people are killed for it."

In Stalin's time, certainly, poetry had the power to arouse the wrath of a dictator bent on destroying his country's intellectual and spiritual resources. At the same time, poetry had the power to console Stalin's victims, as has been amply documented in the writings of survivors of Stalin's gigantic Gulag of prisons, camps and places of exile. A compelling example is Eugenia Ginzburg's description of solitary confinement in a maximum-security prison in Yaroslavl. A former schoolteacher and an ardent Communist, Ginzburg was arrested in 1937, like millions of other innocent citizens caught up in Stalin's Great Terror. Lying in a glacial underground punishment cell, where rats scuttled past her face, she asked herself: "What was I to do? Of course—there was always poetry! I recited Pushkin, Blok, Nekrasov and Tyutchev." She then composed a poem of her own:

A flagstone is my only cushion,
But Pushkin, sitting in one corner,
Sings me a song
And, unseen by any guard
Another priceless friend
Comes into my cell—
His name is Alexander Blok

"Poetry, at least, they could not take away from me!" she thought. "They had taken my dress, my shoes and stockings, and my comb, they had left me half naked and freezing, but this it was not in their power to take away, it was and remained mine. And I should survive even this dungeon."

That haunting passage is from *Journey into the Whirlwind*, the first volume of Ginzburg's memoirs, published in the U.S. in 1967. There, she began recounting the 18 years she spent in the Gulag, mostly in the Arctic death camps of Kolyma. In this, the second volume, Ginzburg, who died in 1977, picked up her story about "the gradual transformation of a naive young Communist idealist into someone who had tasted unforgettably the fruits of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil."

Evil abounds in the world evoked by Ginzburg. The Kolyma region where she was ultimately imprisoned was the largest and most terrible of the Stalin-era concentration-camp complexes, stretching a thousand miles from the Arctic Ocean to the Sea of Okhotsk. Alexander Solzhenitsyn has called Kolyma "the pole of cold and cruelty." It was a place of massacre, where 3 million died, the men digging for gold under the permafrost, the women felling trees at temperatures of −56° F. Young men dispatched to the mines quickly succumbed to tuberculosis. Ginzburg, who acted for a time as a medical assistant, reckoned that "something like a thousand" died in her arms. Among her own ordeals was a 46-mile forced march across the frozen taiga, while seven husky, well-fed guards escorted her in relays.

How did she survive to bear witness to these unspeakable happenings? In his moving introduction to her book, the Ger-

Excerpt

"There, inside the barbed wire, I came across this gift for sharing the happiness of others. I had always noticed that people's faces light up when they are watching some little wild animal that has strayed into a built-up area. How their faces are transformed!

The same transformation occurred in the faces of prisoners when one of their number was being released. It was an expression of selfless joy. To see a squirrel or a hedgehog that by some miracle has strayed into a town garden is to make contact with nature. To see someone emerging on the far side of the barbed wire was to make contact with freedom."

A concentration camp for political prisoners in Siberia. Inset: Eugenia Ginzburg in the '30s

In the Arctic inferno of Kolyma, men died digging for gold, women felling trees at −56° F

man Nobel-prizewinning novelist Heinrich Böll notes that though many shared Ginzburg's experience, "very few can narrate it, even fewer can write about it, and it is these few who transform personal experience into testimony." Ginzburg tells us that her book was the "main object" of her life in captivity. Like Solzhenitsyn, she committed names, facts and events to memory by incorporating them into long rhymed poems that she could more easily memorize.

Once again, poetry, her own and that of others, was the thread that tied her to humanity. Poetry served her also when she was reunited with her younger son Vasya. (Her elder had died of hunger after her arrest.)

By then the 16-year-old Vasya was a stranger. He had been four when his mother was taken away, and he was dispatched to one of the orphanages for the children of the enemies of the people. In Kolyma, mother and son found a means of communicating with each other by reciting poetry during their first night together. Those lines, she recalls, were "a bulwark against the inhumanity of the real world . . . a form of resistance." Vasya (who grew up to be the brilliant Russian novelist Vasili Aksyonov) told her: "Now I understand what a mother is — you can recite your favorite verses to her, and if you stop she will go on from the line where you left off."

The most remarkable feature of Ginzburg's narrative is the decency and kindness she encountered in the Arctic inferno. She describes the kinship that developed among political prisoners as "the strongest of all human relationships," citing innumerable examples of their virtually suicidal generosity to one another. Alongside her portraits of cruel or monstrously indifferent guards and camp administrators are some of men and women capable of acts of compassion. One camp commander, whom she describes as a "peculiar specimen," intervened again and again to save her and her camp lover, later her husband, the prisoner-physician Anton Walter.

Ginzburg experienced not only friendship and love in Kolyma but also snatches of happiness. The post-Stalin years found her desirous, not of bloody vengeance, like many ex-prisoners, but of telling her story of good and evil to Russia and the world. As her husband observed, "You just aren't very good at hating."

How striking is the difference between Ginzburg's account of the camps and that of Solzhenitsyn, whose governing passion in the writing of *The Gulag Archipelago* was an unconquerable rage. No outsider in the West can hazard a judgment as to why the experience of the Gulag should have softened the heart of one prisoner while it hardened the purpose of another. Unquestionably, both pieces of testimony contain their own profound truth. —*By Patricia Blake*

Russell Hoban

Newspell

RIDDLEY WALKER
by Russell Hoban
Summit Books; 220 pages; $12.95

Those whose attention spans have shrunk to the length of a station break are going to find *Riddley Walker* easy to bypass. The novel's first sentence, for example, is not exactly a conventional grabber: "On my naming day when I come 12 I gone front spear and kilt a wyld boar he parbly ben the las wyld pig on the Bundel Downs any how there hadnt ben none for a long time befor him nor I aint looking to see none agen." Even patient readers are likely to riffle pages at this point, trying to find out how long such odd English continues. Answer: all the way to the end. And getting there is well worth the effort.

Patchwork language is an essential part of Author Russell Hoban's story. Hoban, 55, who has written children's books and three previous novels, sets *Riddley Walker* in the southeast corner of England, some 2,500 years into a badly damaged and degraded future. A nuclear holocaust, which occurred near the end of the 20th century, has forced civilization to start over again at ground zero. Progress has been slow. People huddle together in small enclaves, fighting off the elements, packs of killer dogs and, occasionally, one another. A semblance of central government exists in the person of a "Pry Mincer" and "Wes Mincer," two itinerants who travel from village to village giving repeated performances of the same puppet show. Its subject is a simplified myth of the splitting of the atom.

When his father dies, young Riddley Walker becomes his village's "new connexion man," the one who interprets the shows and reality in general. Some of his colleagues think that Riddley may also possess "the follerme," a mystical ability to lead others and to make things happen. Indeed, destiny tugs the boy toward the ancient holy center of Cambry (Canterbury), where an odd pilgrimage of people and elements has arrived. This combination, if successful, will result in the rediscovery of gunpowder.

There is never much doubt that this worst will happen, that these bedraggled survivors will regain some of the "clevverness" that almost destroyed them before. Riddley's narrative generates a different kind of suspense: the fascination of watching a strange world evolve out of unfamiliar words. Impoverished as it is, Riddley's language can still generate unexpected riches. People in trouble are "living on burrow time." Two of the sciences that the nuclear "barms" wiped out are "chemistery and fizzics." When a person is trying to think amid too much noise, he complains of "inner fearents." Riddley sometimes rises to alliterative poetry. He describes the rain "spattering on crumbelt conkreat and bustit birk and durdling in the puddls gurgling down the runnels of the dead town."

Such passages give the novel an imaginative intensity that is rare in contemporary fiction. Seldom are such eerie, dreamed-up landscapes made so accessible. Thanks to the Bomb, all people are now entitled to their very own apocalyptic visions, whether they want them or not. Russell Hoban's nightmare is one that deserves to be passed along. —*By Paul Gray*

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. Noble House, *Clavell (2 last week)*
2. Gorky Park, *Smith (4)*
3. God Emperor of Dune, *Herbert (1)*
4. Goodbye, Janette, *Robbins (5)*
5. Free Fall in Crimson, *MacDonald (3)*
6. The Covenant, *Michener (6)*
7. Masquerade, *Williams (9)*
8. The Cardinal Sins, *Greeley*
9. Tar Baby, *Morrison*
10. The Glitter Dome, *Wambaugh*

NONFICTION

1. The Lord God Made Them All, *Herriot (1)*
2. The Beverly Hills Diet, *Mazel (3)*
3. Richard Simmons' Never-Say-Diet Book, *Simmons (2)*
4. The Alpha Strategy, *Pugsley (4)*
5. The Eagle's Gift, *Castaneda (5)*
6. Cosmos, *Sagan (6)*
7. Miss Piggy's Guide to Life, *Piggy with Beard (8)*
8. Nice Girls Do, *Kassorla (7)*
9. Survive and Win in the Inflationary Eighties, *Ruff (10)*
10. You Can Negotiate Anything, *Cohen*

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Cinema

Distant Love

THE FAN *Directed by Edward Bianchi*
Screenplay by Priscilla Chapman and John Hartwell

Psychopath stalks celebrated actress, bloodily maims or kills people he thinks are keeping her from him, finally, frighteningly, corners her in deserted theater, with sex and/or murder in mind.

It sounds like the formula for a cheapo exploitation film intended to capitalize on the terrible events of recent months, in which sickened anonymity has struck out at the famous. Indeed, the distributors cannily evoke those tragedies by noting in the credits that *The Fan* is based on a 1977 novel and had finished production before the John Lennon murder —association by dissociation, as it were. But movies should not be judged on the manner of their promotion, and if this picture is not exactly high art, it is a well-made, quite intelligent piece of popular entertainment, containing a sensibly moral examination of how obsession with a celebrity can lead to mayhem.

The Fan also features a star turn by Lauren Bacall, the object of the psycho's attentions, that is brave, flashy and riveting. It is brave because she plays a woman on the shady side of 50 who hides neither her wrinkles nor the temperamental manipulativeness so common among aging stars; flashy because, besides singing and dancing, she trades in high-gloss show-biz bitchery that sometimes approaches the level of *All About Eve;* riveting because she shows a touching vulnerability about her professional and personal insecurities (she is torching for her ex-husband, played by James Garner). Bacall may or may not be playing Bacall, but who cares? She is obviously a very knowing lady, and there is at least an illusion of depth about the movie as a whole because there is an honest depth in her performance.

Bacall signs autographs in *The Fan*

A star turn as a psycho's prey.

Written with more flair than one might expect in a film of this kind, directed with impersonal stylishness by a onetime TV-commercial director with a fondness for tight closeups of inanimate objects, *The Fan* has an emptily sophisticated air that, strangely, works for it. Everyone is so busy being chic and bright that no one notices the developing menace in the title character's letters to the star as his obsessive fantasies of love turn into malevolent schemes of destructiveness. And somehow, when his words become deeds, the intrusion of maniac disorderliness on the slickly complacent world of these show people is extraordinarily harrowing. Michael Biehn, as the madman, combines a sort of mad innocence with creepiness very effectively, and there are good bits, as well, by Maureen Stapleton as Bacall's patiently put-upon secretary and by Hector Elizondo as a smart but slightly star-struck cop.

If the ending is a preachy letdown,

what goes before it makes *The Fan* a surprisingly worthwhile exercise in suspense, a bright, brisk horror show that someone over the age of 16 can sit through enjoyably. And profitably, since it provides an acute, cautionary portrait not only of an all too recognizable lunatic of our time, but of the enviable people and milieu that, viewed from his furnished room, drive him crazy. —*By Richard Schickel*

For Eyes Only

CLASH OF THE TITANS
Directed by Desmond Davis
Screenplay by Beverley Cross

Since *Excalibur* cut its swath through box offices this spring, every movie producer with high ideals and $10 million has come up with the same surefire formula: make a hit from a myth. At superficial glance, *Clash of the Titans* would qualify as the cycle's first ripoff, and a pallid one at that. It proceeds at a pace that must seem stately to tots reared on TV cartoons and the current batch of Saturday matinee-type features. It rarely ascends into exhilaration or slumps into camp. The direction of some actors is pedestrian, if not oafish. But as a lavish vehicle for the talents of Effects Wizard Ray Harryhausen, *Clash* offers delights to the eye and spirit of every moviegoing adult who has wanted to revisit the dreams of his youth.

Bowker and Hamlin in *Clash of the Titans*

Upstaged by a wizard of special effects.

In an austere silver temple that looks like the court of Krypton, Zeus (Laurence Olivier) plays with clay figurines, brings them to life, sends them through labyrinths of adventures, sentences them to spectacular deaths. Now he is pondering the fate of Perseus (Harry Hamlin), Zeus' son by one of his many extramarital manifestations. Shall Perseus realize his destiny as champion beastslayer and husband of fair Andromeda (Judi Bowker)? It is a story as old as Olympus, and it provides Harryhausen with the opportunity to work his stop-motion magic. The creatures he animates are wonders of laborious craft and individual character. They move like demons and dragons and homunculi out of the dark sleep of the past. Harryhausen's Medusa has a serpentine grandeur as she coils and strikes to avenge the wrongs men and the gods have done her. When Perseus finally severs her neck, cherry tapioca blood oozes out. And from the blood giant crabs and maggots form. The entrance of the Kraken, a giant sea beast, is a melodramatic marvel: out of a typhoon of churning sea, one huge hand slithers over a rock, then the second hand —then a third and a fourth!

Harryhausen has made do with much less. Because of budget restrictions, the monster octopus in his 1955 horror film *It Came from Beneath the Sea* had only five arms. It may be that in *Clash of the Titans* Harryhausen was inhibited by the upscale cost and cast (Maggie Smith, Claire Bloom, Burgess Meredith, Flora Robson). Too much time is spent plodding through the plots with actors who seem ill at ease playing in a film whose glory is its special effects. They are glorious indeed. And that is reason enough to see *Clash of the Titans*. The onscreen manipulator of men's fates may be Zeus, but behind the screen is the true titan: Ray Harryhausen. —*By Richard Corliss*

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Essay

Don't Write Any Letters

Letter writing, while a sign of civilization, is also a high-risk occupation, and it is a wonder that anybody does it. To be sure, there are those who cannot help themselves—teen-age girls, for example, or the members of the National Rifle Association (who all write the same letter), or the people with urgent messages for public figures, which are usually written in green ink on triangular Kleenex. These are the extreme compulsives. But there are many calmer citizens, as well, who cannot bear to leave the stationery stationary, and thus get themselves into deep trouble. President Reagan's son Mike was among these recently when he wrote a letter soliciting military contracts, and dropped his father's name. The President advised him: "Don't write any letters." Much wisdom is in the warning.

There are exceptions, of course. Had Lord Chesterfield's father shared the President's sentiment, Lord Chesterfield's son might never have received those noble letters to which he paid no attention, but which have instructed the world for centuries. Zola would not have fired off his blunt *"J'accuse"* on the Dreyfus case. Mann would have withheld his cool wrath from the Nazis in his letter to the University of Bonn. There would have been no greeting from Emerson to Whitman "at the beginning of a great career"; no Groucho Marx to T.S. Eliot ("my best to you and your lovely wife, whoever she may be"). Had St. Paul decided to speak instead of write, the New Testament would have become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.

Worse still, the world's great love affairs would never have been put to paper. Heloise would not have written Abelard; Abelard would not have written back. Ben Franklin would have quashed his flirting wit; James Joyce his raging jealousies. There would have been none of the sublime torture of the letters of Swift and Vanessa; none of the zest of Franz Liszt:

Marie! Marie! Oh let me repeat that name a hundred times, a thousand times over; for three days now it has lived within me, oppressed me, set me afire. I am not writing to you, no, I am close beside you. I see you, I hear you ... Eternity in your arms ... Heaven, Hell, everything, all is within you, redoubled ... Oh! Leave me free to rave in my delirium.

If a man could not get that sort of thing off his chest once in a while, he might lose his self-control.

Without letters the London *Times* would be devoid of its liveliest pages; there would be no great literary epistles like Pope's to "Dr. Arbuthnot"; no epistolary novels like *Pamela* and *Clarissa*—a minor loss, but a loss nonetheless, the loss of a form. That is what a letter is, after all: a literary form, like a sonnet. It is not as defined as a sonnet. Still one looks for things to be said in letters that are not said elsewhere, expecting truth most of all. Even falsity in letters divulges a kind of truth—the false wit employed in writing to a clever enemy, the false cheer to a dull friend, the false authority to children, the false self-confidence to colleagues. Letters conceal almost nothing, which accounts for their power. Those few who have done them well ought never have been told: Don't write any letters.

But their packets are comparatively small. Stacked up against them, the size of alps, are the letters that ought *not* to have been written. Oscar Wilde's salacious letter to "Bosie" (Lord Alfred Douglas), for instance, with its reference to "red rose-leaf lips," which was read aloud in court where Wilde's homosexuality was at issue. "Suppose," asked the opposing lawyer, "a man who was not an artist had written this letter, would you say it was a proper letter?" Wilde answered: "A man who is not an artist could not have written that letter." Which was true and witty. And Wilde went to jail.

In our own backyard, Jackie Onassis was stung by the publication of her "Dearest Ros" letter to Roswell Gilpatric, which was said to have driven Ari to Callas behavior. Billie Jean King's recent revelations were due less to a spasm of candor than to more than 100 letters she wrote her secretary. So it goes, from post to pillory. Lee Marvin made legal history a few years back when he lost a "palimony" suit to Michelle Triola Marvin. One of his letters to Michelle closed: "Hey baby, hey baby, hey baby, hey baby, hey baby, hey baby." It proved that he loved her.

Yet the damage done by love letters is peanuts compared with what letters have wrought in the spheres of politics, especially when love and politics collide. Warren G. Harding had a close shave in his quest for the presidency thanks to a love affair with Mrs. Carrie Phillips—or "Carrie Darling Sweetheart Adorable," as Harding once addressed her. Luckily for Harding, his fellow Republicans were able to buy off Mrs. Phillips and send her on a vacation that extended through the campaign. Yet even the passionate Harding must have had an inkling of danger when he wrote the adorable Carrie: "Destroy these letters!"

The mail piles up. There was the incident when Grover Cleveland was made to appear a lackey of Great Britain because Sir Lionel Sackville-West, then British Ambassador, was tricked into writing a letter stating that in the election of 1888 England favored the Democrats. There was the famous (and forged) Zinoviev letter, supposedly a directive from Moscow to the British Communist Party, that toppled the government of Ramsay MacDonald. There was the Zimmermann telegram that pushed the U.S. into the first World War, and the letter General Douglas MacArthur sent Congressman Joe Martin from Korea indirectly attacking the Truman Administration, after which Truman directly attacked the general, and fired him. Truman of course wrote a splendid impulsive letter to Paul Hume, the Washington *Post* music critic, after Hume had savaged a concert of Margaret's. But the impulse was canny since Truman knew that every father in the country would be steaming on his side.

If letter writing is so perilous, why does anyone engage in it? The practical answer is that it is not letter writing that holds the dangers, but letter sending, since the trouble of epistolary communication, while it may incubate in the mind, only begins to hatch when the innocent sheet, scribbled upon, is folded into an envelope and propelled to its destination, where the egg reveals a harpy. Among Hemingway's recently published letters is one to Cardinal Spellman accusing him of "mealy-mouthed arrogance," but no one knows if the letter was sent. On the other hand, Andrea Emmons collected *Letters I Wish I'd Mailed to the Man Who Divorced Me to Marry a Waitress*, clearly regretting her restraint, along with her husband's lack of it. Were letters written but not mailed, penmanship might improve and no harm would be done. The great (and unacknowledged) virtue of the modern U.S. postal system is that it delays as long as possible the interval between inspiration and scandal.

Illustrations for TIME by Eugene Mihaesco

Essay

Of course, the real romance of letter writing lies in the sending. That after all is the irrevocable act, the sign that one has the courage of his frenzies. In a way the sending of a letter is more interesting than anything the letter contains, since it implies an enormous faith in providence, which faith, unfortunately, is often betrayed by providence taking the form of a recipient's avarice, carelessness or revenge. One of the law's oddities is that a letter itself belongs to its recipient and the words to the writer; yet the words remain stuck to the paper nonetheless. Why write letters? To create at least a few moments in a life where thought and deed are amaranthine, and will not be fudged or withdrawn like spoken language with "I said no such thing" or "I didn't mean it *that* way, not *that* way." You meant it, all right. And *that* way. With all the patent dangers that letter writing affords, it allows us to face the fact that once in a while we really do mean something *that* way.

There are other reasons as well. A honing of the mind, for one; a chance at a brief surge of clarity before one's thoughts recede to their normal Floridian swamp. "Writing maketh the exact man," said Bacon, which is often the problem, since written exactitude and lawsuits are directly proportional. Not that letters automatically inspire clarity. Proust once began a note: "I am writing to you out of an exaggerated sense of conscience and the fear of continuing to be dishonest in simply replacing with a different feeling one whose expression can persist in the other person's mind as the statement of a constant truth." That is a bit more oblique than Richard Wagner's opening of a request for a loan: "Dear Hornstein, I hear that you have become rich."

Then too, one writes a letter simply to say something well, since so little is ever said well in normal conversation. A love letter may not be quite as satisfying as a love affair, but it requires a higher form of invention. The grandiloquent similes of which love letters are made—similes reduced to grunts and sighs when people are face to face—serve not only to heighten passion, but to make a frieze of it, to turn the lover into a craftsman. This may not be true of Mrs. Thomas Carlyle, who addressed a letter to her husband, "Goody, Goody, dear Goody" and signed it "Goody" as well; or of Zelda Fitzgerald, who once focused on the sartorial—"I look down the tracks and see you coming and out of every haze and mist your darling rumpled trousers are hurrying to me"—but it is true in the general.

It was certainly true of the sensational "Scarsdale letter" of Jean Harris to Dr. Herman Tarnower. That letter, with its confluent currents of rhetorical cunning, heartbreak and hysteria, is a remarkable work of art. One cannot imagine Mrs. Harris dashing off a note that read: "Dear Hi. Miss you. Jean." Yet one can too easily see Tarnower writing back: "Dear Jean. Good to hear from you. Hi"—the absence of things in certain letters being more devastating than their presence in others. Nothing says more than a light, frisky note to a friend in despair.

Yet the whole process is strange. Even the mechanical act is strange—hand takes up Bic or hovers over the Smith-Corona, while the inner voice, heaving between aggressiveness and trepidation, murmurs with all the subtle power of an orator on trial. But no one is there. First one addresses a letter to someone not present, then proceeds to praise, cajole, implore, indict, belittle or seduce the absentee, whom he greets as "dear" and to whom he finally pledges his devoted sincerity. Between the formalities he wants something, but it is not an immediate response. He knows that there will be none. A letter is not written for response but for effect. In that, it is not only art but a statement of esteem, since the effect is sought of a particular person. Even the bitterest letter is a form of homage. Samuel Johnson once wrote Lord Chesterfield, giving the earl a piece of his mind. But the mind of which the letter was a piece was the greatest in England.

Perhaps the best reason for writing a letter is to get rid of it, to take the words that have been lolling about the brain like summertime teen-agers, and putting them to work. But here we come full circle. For, as experience proves, one is not rid of the words by writing them. Too often they boomerang, are snagged in the wind and snap back with amazing ferocity. Odd to think that our moments of greatest candor are also our moments of greatest danger; that the same thoughts inscribed at the pitch of pure freedom return to place you under arrest. So love becomes public ridicule, philosophy a loss of position, ambition a ruined career, and so forth—as if the gods were showing the full extent of their capriciousness.

All of which seems to argue for taking the President's advice. Not that anyone will. Not that anyone should. All the prudence involved in not writing letters can't hold a candle to the brave helplessness of putting oneself on the line. "I have concealed nothing from you," Johnson closed a letter to a woman he loved, "nor do I expect ever to repent of having thus opened my heart."

—By Roger Rosenblatt

Milestones

BORN. To Jordan's American-born and Princeton-educated **Queen Noor,** 29, the former Lisa Halaby, and **King Hussein,** 45: their second child, second son; in Amman. Name: Hashem, for Jordan's ruling Hashemite dynasty.

MARRIED BY PROXY. Alexei Semyonov, 24, graduate student in mathematics at Brandeis University and stepson of exiled Soviet Dissident and Physicist Andrei Sakharov; and **Liza Alexeyeva,** 25, Moscow mathematician who has been barred from emigrating from the Soviet Union; he for the second time, she for the first; in Butte, Mont., because the state is one of the few to recognize proxy marriages. Semyonov, who has lived in the U.S. since 1978, spoke his vows to Alexeyeva's stand-in, Edward Kline, editor of the Russian-language publishing house, Khronika Press.

DIED. Chester Gorman, 43, archaeologist and teacher of anthropology whose excavations in northern Thailand unearthed evidence of the world's earliest agricultural and Bronze Age society, predating similar developments in the Tigris-Euphrates Valley by several centuries and casting doubt on the theory that the Middle East was a "cradle of civilization"; of cancer; in Sacramento.

DIED. Allen Ludden, 63, affable, scholarly looking host of top-rated TV game shows, starting with the *General Electric College Bowl* during the 1950s and moving in 1962 to *Password;* of complications from cancer; in Los Angeles.

DIED. Russell ("Lucky") **Hayden,** 68, né Pate Lucid, once known as the "rootin', tootin', ridin' Romeo of the screen." A sidekick to William Boyd in the *Hopalong Cassidy* series, he toured the country in 1950 asking kids if they approved of kissing in westerns (87% favored it if there was plenty of hard riding and fighting beforehand); of pneumonia; in Palm Springs.

DIED. Carleton Coon, 76, wide-ranging anthropologist who traced the development of humanity from its earliest stages to the first agricultural communities and whose many books include *The Story of Man* (1954) and *The Seven Caves* (1957); of cancer; in Gloucester, Mass.

DIED. Colgate Darden, 84, patriarchal Virginia Democrat and former Congressman who served as Governor from 1942 to 1946 and who, as president of the University of Virginia during the 1950s, modified his white-supremacist position and helped lead a successful fight against state-enforced school segregation; in Norfolk.

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